THE LIVING AGE.

Seventh Series Volume XX. | No. 3079—July 11, 1903. | From Beginning Vol. CCXXXVIII.

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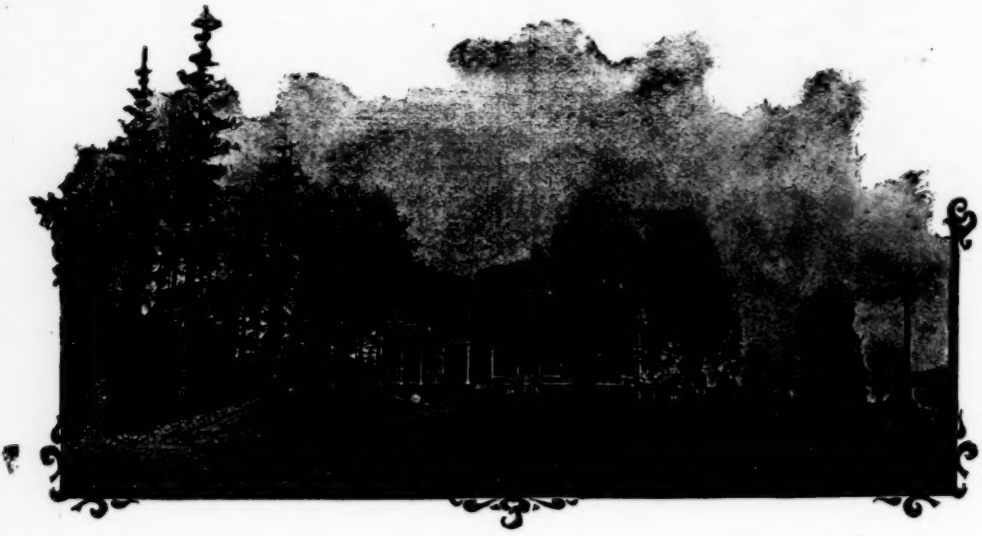

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SEVENTH SERIES VOLUME XX. NO. 3079. JULY 11, 1903. FROM BEGINNING Vol. CCXXXVIII

PERSONALIA: POLITICAL, SOCIAL, AND VARIOUS.

I. HARROW IN THE EARLY SIXTIES.

With the exception of its singular collapse under the Headmastership of Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, of which more anon, Harrow has continuously prospered for upwards of a century. But perhaps it attained its zenith during the second and more famous Administration of Lord Palmerston, a statesman who, with a normal majority of little more than twenty, succeeded in investing the country with a prestige which it had not enjoyed since the days of Canning. The Prime Minister's position was unique, for, save in name, there was no Opposition: the word "party" seemed to have been obliterated by that of "Palmerston," and any attempt to displace the idol of the nation would have resulted in ignominious disaster.

Yet, strange to say, Lord Palmerston is nowadays but scantly appreciated. "He was in no sense a great man," I was severely assured not long ago by an ultra-Liberal spinster, in response to a fervent eulogy of which I had, perhaps rather imprudently, delivered myself. "Well," I was stung into retorting, "if not great himself, he at least contrived to render the country great, which is much the same thing." My "advanced" neighbor (it was at dinner) took a sip of iced water, and with a pitying shrug changed the subject. Possibly she resented the irreverent manner in which Lord Palmerston was wont to treat the Cabinet rhetoric of her *beau ideal*, Mr. Gladstone, whom an unkind fate had forced upon him as Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Now, my Lords and Gentlemen, let us go to business," was certainly not a flattering reception of the excited harangues with which, in the *rôle* of reformer-general, the right honorable gentleman used to deluge his colleagues after every parliamentary recess! But to a Premier whose foreign policy had placed England on a pinnacle, the "parochial mind" was naturally somewhat exasperating, and the "rises" which he took out of his didactic subordinate rankled even more deeply than the shafts of Lord Beaconsfield in later years. But of Lord Palmerston's persiflage I shall have more to say under another heading; for the present I will merely dwell on the effects of his renown upon his old school. The fact that the great and popular Premier was a Harrow man naturally influenced the British paterfamilias not a little, and many a boy who would otherwise have been sent to royal Eton was consigned to the humbler, if little less famous, foundation of John Lyon, Yeoman. Certainly the school itself was not insensible to the "Palmerston" halo, and it was a sight to kindle even the sluggish blood of the Fourth Form, when

the jaunty old horseman on the knowing white hack trotted into the town straight from the House of Commons, where, with scarcely an interval, he had occupied a seat for nearly sixty years!

It was difficult to realize that one in every respect so essentially modern had actually stood for the University of Cambridge on the death of Pitt, was already out of his teens at the battle of Trafalgar, and (to us Harrovians, perhaps, more marvellous than all) had left Harrow before Byron came! Yet so lightly did his years sit upon him that an hour or so later he would be seen briskly trotting back to London, bound once more for the Treasury Bench, which he would only forsake in the small hours for one of his historic gatherings at Cambridge House. Brave, buoyant old Pam! Right well is he portrayed by that noble line in "Maud":

> One of the simple great ones gone who could rule and dared not lie!

We have had many statesmen since, some of them good and true; but he was the last of the old, stalwart breed that made the name of England the proudest in the universe.

The mantle of Lord Palmerston's popularity did not fall on his successor, for only a year or two later it was my lot to hear "Johnny Russell" hissed as he descended the school steps on Speech-Day. The cause was not far to seek. Coerced by Mr. Gladstone, he had already taken the first step of that downward career which Lord Palmerston had always predicted would follow his own disappearance from the helm. "After me," he used to say, "Gladstone will have it all his own way; and then, mark my words, there will be the very devil!" Regrettable as this demonstration against Lord Russell was, it only reflected the prevalent feeling that a strong and intrepid ruler had been replaced by palterers and experimentalists. In his earlier days Lord Russell may have rendered useful service to his party, but it is questionable whether, without his lineage and connection, he would have ever soared above an Under-Secretaryship. Petty-minded and unsympathetic as a leader, and not too loyal as a colleague, he passed out of the political world with a damaged reputation, which time has not tended to repair. What Queen Victoria, the most indulgent of judges, thought of him, her letter to Lord Aberdeen, recently made public, only too plainly shows. It consigns him to a pillory from which not all the efforts of Whig piety can succeed in extricating him.

Lord Russell, though himself an old "Westminster," had three sons at Harrow, the eldest of whom, the eccentric Lord Amberley, sat at one time for Leeds, where he discoursed to his constituents on political and social questions with a startling frankness which savored more of Tom Paine than of the alumnus of a great Whig family. One of his addresses, of a peculiarly audacious character, received the unenviable distinction of being censured by his former school's debating society, which carried unanimously the following sententious resolution: "That the speech of Lord Amberley at Leeds is a disgrace to the school at which he was educated." But it had, I fear, very little effect on the patrician Socialist, who, but for a premature death, would have probably gone down to posterity as a second Citizen Stanhope.

Among his many antipathies was a rooted repugnance to the ceremonial of "grace before meat," and if compelled by a cruel fate to offer the hospitality of lunch to a clerical neighbor, he has been known to pay an advance visit to the dining-room, and to cut into a leg of mutton in order to convey the

impression that lunch had already begun!

Lord Russell was not the only celebrity in those days who received the honor of sibilation at "Speecher," for I remember it being accorded to that rashly investigating divine, Bishop Colenso,—the boys in this instance, again, giving rough-and-ready expression to the prevalent animus against the over-critical prelate. Poor Colenso, who had once been a Harrow master, evidently felt the indignity keenly; but he bore it with the quiet courage which he displayed throughout the long crusade against him, and made many of us, I think, feel somewhat ashamed of our savagery. The couplets which were concocted about Colenso's Biblical exploits were legion, though I remember none of any particular piquancy. The following was, perhaps, the most pointed, though the sneer in the second line at his mathematical acquirements was quite misplaced, as he had been Second Wrangler.

There once was a Bishop Colenso
Who counted from one up to ten, so
He found the Levitical
Books to eyes critical
Unmathematical,
And he's gone out to tell the black men so!

The allusion to Speech-Day recalls a curious incident in connection with a very different man, Lord Brougham. As every one knows, he retained his extraordinary mental and bodily vigor almost to the last, and, when in his eighty-sixth year or thereabouts, eagerly availed himself of an invitation from the Headmaster to be one of the distinguished visitors on Speech-Day. As a compliment to the veteran orator, one of the monitors was told off to recite a "purple patch" from some perfervid speech on which it was known that he particularly prided himself. This attention greatly flattered Lord Brougham's vanity, which had not diminished with the march of time; and at the conclusion of the recital, depositing a very seedy-looking hat on his chair, he sprang to his feet and vehemently applauded the interpreter of his bygone eloquence. But unfortunately, on resuming his seat he forgot that it was occupied by his hat, upon which he sank with very disastrous consequences! Of this, however, the expectant crowd of boys in the schoolyard knew nothing, and when at the end of the speeches the Head of the School called from the top of the steps for "Three cheers for Lord Brougham!" we were convulsed to see them acknowledged by an individual in rusty black, with an "old clo'" broken-crowned hat almost resting on a nose the shape of which has since been emulated by Ally Sloper! But Lord Brougham's adventures did not end there. Evidently highly gratified with his reception, he passed on to the Headmaster's house, where, with the *élite* of the visitors, he was bidden to lunch. There, however, his self-esteem encountered a rude shock, for the policeman stationed at the door to keep off "loafers" and other undesirable company, sternly asked the dilapidated-looking old person his business. "I am invited here to lunch," growled out the indignant guest. "Gammon!" curtly responded the guardian of the peace. "I am Lord Brougham!" was the furious rejoinder; "let me pass!" "Bah!" contemptuously retorted the bobby, "yer wants me to believe that, do yer? Move on!" At this critical juncture the old lord, inarticulate with rage, was fortunately espied by another eminent guest, who, taking in the situation at a glance, succeeded in allaying the suspicions of the policeman! It would have been interesting, by the way, if on that particular Speech-Day Lord Palmerston had also been present. How he would have enjoyed the joke, though there had been a time

when he and his Whig colleagues had found Brougham no joking matter!

The actual reason of the ex-Chancellor's ostracism by the Whigs in 1834 will, I suppose, like the authorship of "Junius' Letters" and the cause of Lord Byron's separation, remain a secret for all time. A political Suwaroff must doubtless be an unpleasant colleague; still, his abilities were sorely needed by the Whig Government, and all his intractability and escapades would probably have been condoned had not his colleagues been possessed of strong evidence that he designed, by some traitorous *coup d'état*, to trip them up by the heels and force himself into the foremost place. Lord Melbourne's laugh never quite recovered its gaiety after the famous interview in which he broke to Lord Brougham the astounding news that he was not to return to the Woolsack. The *tableau* has only one parallel: when Lord Wellesley was informed by "that cunning fellow, my brother Arthur," that he had proposed himself, and not the more intellectual Marquis, as head of the Government in succession to Lord Goderich! They never spoke again. That the great Viceroy, who had been as a father to the young captain of Foot, should be supplanted by him for the blue ribbon of politics was an offence which the elder brother's outraged vanity could never forgive!

Many of Lord Brougham's amazing exploits can only be accounted for by temporary mental derangement, and I have been assured on first-rate authority that at one time during his official career he was actually under restraint for the whole of the long vacation. His vanity was certainly of the type that borders on dementia, and any one who reads the egregious egotism and self-eulogy that characterize his correspondence with Macvey Napier must find it difficult to associate them with any one possessed of proper mental equilibrium.

Of the Harrow masters at this period three eventually became notable figures—the Headmaster, Mr. Westcott, and Mr. Farrar. Probably, as Master of Trinity, Dr. Butler occupies a far more congenial position than if he adorned the episcopal bench; at the same time, it is somewhat surprising that he should never have been given the opportunity of refusing a mitre. His predecessor, Dr. Vaughan, was three times offered a bishopric, and in all fairness it must be acknowledged that Dr. Butler's services to the School, if from various circumstances less conspicuous, were fully as valuable. Dr. Vaughan had one signal advantage: he succeeded a Headmaster under whose *régime* Harrow was actually reduced to less than seventy boys, while Dr. Butler had to follow an administrator who converted a period of unprecedented disaster into one of glowing prosperity. How Dr. Wordsworth came to fail so signally it is very difficult to determine; but doubtless there were various contributing causes. One, a very curious one, was suggested to me many years ago by an old Harrovian, at whose house I was taken to dine by some friends with whom I was staying in the country. I chanced to mention Harrow, and finding that he had been there under Wordsworth, I asked if he could assign any specific reason for the *débâcle* of that period. He explained that, although Wordsworth was certainly not fitted for the post, that circumstances did not wholly account for the mischief; the principal cause, he maintained, must be looked for elsewhere. Among the boys then at Harrow was the late Sir Robert Peel, the brilliant but strangely unballasted son of the great statesman. At school, as in his maturer days, Peel was not too conspicuous for obedience to discipline, and being "sent up" for some

iterated defiance of rules, he was informed by the Headmaster that but for his father being so illustrious a Harrovian, he would have been sent away on the spot; as it was, he would have to leave at the end of the quarter, a punishment which the boys euphemistically described as being "advised." Under all the circumstances this was an act of clemency which certainly deserved parental appreciation; but, according to my informant, Sir Robert with characteristic sensitiveness resented bitterly what he persisted in regarding as a personal affront to himself, and, so far from recognizing Wordsworth's lenity, he vehemently denounced him to every Ministerial colleague or private acquaintance who either had sons at Harrow, or was intending to send them there!

Such an attitude on the part of an all-powerful Prime Minister (as Peel then was) could only have one result. Some boys were removed prematurely, others who were about to enter were sent elsewhere, and the run on the credit of the school, already somewhat impaired by Wordsworth's lack of qualifications, set in so steadily that when Vaughan arrived on the scene there was only a shabby residuum of sixty-nine boys, which the new Headmaster seriously thought of sweeping out in order to start entirely afresh! I cannot, of course, vouch for the accuracy of this statement, but it was made to me in all seriousness by a man of undoubted position and veracity; and in view of Sir Robert Peel's extreme sensibility to anything that affected the reputation of himself and his family, it seems by no means improbable. It should be clearly understood that there was nothing disgraceful in the culprit's offence; but though not heinous in the eyes of the world, it was necessarily so in those of a Headmaster, who had no option but to visit it with a drastic penalty.

Dr. Wordsworth's ineptitude as a school disciplinarian was hereditary, for I recollect his son, the present Bishop of Salisbury, taking my form at Harrow as *locum tenens* for the regular master, and presenting a deplorable picture of helpless uncontrol. Under his very nose every sort of impromptu recreation might be seen in full progress, including even games of écarté, while in a remoter part of the room a fight proceeded furtively between two sitting combatants! All the time the temporary instructor's gaze was riveted on his Virgil, the construer's voice being scarcely audible above the growing babel! I narrated this experience to one of the bishop's clergy not long ago. "Who would have thought it?" he murmured wistfully. "Things are very different now: he rules the diocese with a rod of iron!"

A schoolboy, at all events before he attains monitorial rank, mostly considers it *de rigeur* to disparage his Headmaster, and Dr. Butler in his early days earned a certain amount of unpopularity by an irritating edict against the use of side trousers-pockets, which procured for us a good deal of Etonian "chaff" at the annual match. But his dignity, courtesy, and sense of justice were on the whole properly appreciated, while any boy under the shadow of bereavement might always be sure of his ready and warm-hearted sympathy. Himself a most distinguished Harrovian, both as scholar and athlete, he had keenly at heart the fame and honor of the school, which has abundant reason to regard his Headmastership as one of its halcyon epochs. Had Lord Palmerston been in office when Dr. Butler retired, his services would assuredly have received some more adequate recognition than a second-rate Deanery; but such Harrovians as were then in the Government had presumably not sufficient influence with the dispenser

of preferments, though, curiously enough, two of Dr. Butler's pupils—the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Worcester—have, with, in some respects, fewer qualifications (as they will themselves be the first to admit), been accorded the rank that was withheld from him. As Nelson used to remark, under similar circumstances, "such things are"; but in the Church, perhaps more than in any other profession, we are continually reminded that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

"Billy" Westcott, as he was irreverently nicknamed, was more fortunate, and his profound ecclesiastical learning no doubt amply justified his promotion to episcopal rank; but if forty years ago any one had ventured to predict to a Harrow boy that "Billy" would be Bishop of Durham, and Dr. Butler put off with the Deanery of Gloucester, the forecast would have been received with compassionate derision.

At Mr. Westcott's was a boy who was also destined to play a conspicuous, yet very different, part in the religious world, though at that time his future sphere was probably not suspected even by himself. This was the late Marquis of Bute, who was probably the most solitary creature in the whole school,—not from any exclusiveness arising from his rank, but owing to an excessive shyness, which he retained more or less in after-life. His one frailty was a weakness for jam, and his absorbing passion, books. At that time he wrote rather promising English verse, by dint of which he gained the school prize for a poem on Edward the Black Prince; but he apparently abandoned verse-writing in his maturer days: none, at least, was ever given to the public. In spite of his high rank and splendid prospects, he seemed as friendless in the outer world as at school, for no one, I believe, ever came to visit him, except once an old nurse whom he brought into the Fourth Form Room at Bill, and showed the various classic names cut on the panels. Yet not half-a-dozen years afterwards this lonely, almost neglected youth was selected by an ex-Prime Minister as his model for the principal figure in one of the most renowned novels of the century! The excellent qualities that marked his subsequent career were to some extent due to the influence of one of the under-masters, good old John Smith, a man of sterling character, if of few attainments, to whom many a boy has incurred a lifelong debt of gratitude. Honest, God-fearing, single-minded, he was in the school a power for good, the value of which was at the time never properly estimated, and to him might well be applied the beautiful words of Thackeray, that "when he went to Heaven the angels must have turned out and presented arms."

The late Dean of Canterbury was another Harrow master who was regarded as certain of a bishopric, though he, too, was compelled to content himself with a minor distinction. At the time of which I am writing he was doomed, intellectually speaking, to penal servitude with the third "shell," a form within measurable distance of the lowest in the school. This ordeal not unnaturally accentuated the picturesque melancholy that was always his characteristic; but to even the most gifted it is not permissible to ascend the scholastic ladder at a single bound, and with the prestige of "Eric" and the Cambridge Prize Poem comparatively fresh upon him, he might very well have confronted his fate with more philosophic fortitude. Mr. Farrar presided over one of the snuggest of the "Small Houses," where he maintained excellent, if somewhat sentimental relations with his pupils, whose pleasant lot was enviously regarded by

the inmates of certain more Spartan establishments. His melodiously delivered sermons, always founded on some more or less poetical text, were distinctly popular, romantic imagery and literary quotations being more acceptable to even the dullest schoolboy than dry homilies on doctrine, or aggressive platitudes on morals. In due course Mr. Farrar migrated to a "Large House," which, however, was only regarded as a stepping-stone to a more important sphere, for the Headmastership of Haileybury becoming vacant very shortly after his promotion, he offered himself as a candidate for the post. The contest practically lay between himself and another Harrow master, Mr. Bradby, who, although entering the lists almost at the eleventh hour, succeeded in beating Mr. Farrar by a single vote. The disappointment was, under the circumstances, particularly acute, and hardly compensated for even by his subsequent election to the Mastership of Marlborough. But in the meantime he had by no means confined himself to scholastic pursuits. His books on "Language" had already secured for him the Fellowship of the Royal Society, as well as a "Friday Evening" lectureship at the Royal Institution, an appointment always eagerly coveted by scientific and literary aspirants. He had also formed many important literary friendships, of which, perhaps, the most notable was that of Matthew Arnold, then a resident at Harrow.

The contrast between the virile archfoe of Philistinism and his somewhat emotional neighbor was curious, and at times comical. Well do I recall on a certain occasion the great critic's expression of half-contemptuous amusement at one of Mr. Farrar's jeremiads over the miseries of his chosen lot, which concluded with the following pathetic climax: "As I was returning from chapel just now, I asked a small new boy with whom I was walking what he intended to be, and the boy, by way, I suppose, of ingratiating himself, replied, 'A Harrow master.' 'My boy,' I rejoined, 'you had far better break stones on that road.'" Inasmuch as the reverend martyr must at that time have been making out of this inferior alternative to road-making some thousands a-year, the dictum, despite its almost tearful delivery, did not sound convincing, and I am afraid there was just a tinge of good-humored mockery in the laugh with which Matthew Arnold greeted it.

But a disposition to fall out with the ordinances of Fate, even when not altogether adverse, was always a characteristic of the good Dean. A friend of mine, one of his old pupils, met him on the Folkestone pier a day or two after his acceptance of a Westminster Canonry, and genially tendered his congratulations. "Don't congratulate me, don't congratulate me," murmured the new Canon with sonorous dejection, and a wistful glance at the waves of the Channel! "H'm," piped the famous Master of Balliol on being told of the incident, "I must say I like a man to take his promotion cheerfully." But this is an attribute which was unfortunately denied to Dr. Farrar. His quarrel with his publishers is a matter of Paternoster Row notoriety. He agreed to become our Lord's biographer for a stipulated sum, which, considering he was comparatively untried as an ecclesiastical historian, was by no means illiberal. The work, written rather in "special correspondent" style, proved a signal success, in recognition of which the publishers bestowed a honorarium, represented, I believe, by something like four figures. But the author characteristically evinced supreme dissatisfaction, and, likewise characteristically, ventilated his wrongs in the columns of "The Times," with a hurricane of uncompli-

mentary epithets at the expense of the unhappy publishers! Not content with this form of protest, he imported his indignation into the social circle by setting before his friends at a dinner-party a pudding ostentatiously deficient in any kind of condiment, which was defined in the *menu* as "Publishers' Pudding,"—a painfully elaborated jest which, needless to say, such of his guests as were given to good living regarded with tempered appreciation.

Again, his non-attainment of the Deanery of Westminster after Stanley's death was a source of much ill-concealed disappointment, while his preferment to Canterbury was accepted with a profusion of sighs and plaintive dissatisfaction. Still, in spite of his foibles (it would be hardly fair to call them defects), Dr. Farrar deserves to be memorable, not only as a high-minded and sympathetic schoolmaster but as an ecclesiastical orator, whose eloquence, if a trifle too ornate, has not been equalled since the days of Archbishop Magee. Had he been born a quarter of a century earlier, and identified himself more decidedly with Church politics, he would have been a dangerous rival to Wilberforce, who in general acquirements was certainly his inferior.

This section must not close without a word or two about the Harrovians of the "early Sixties" who have since come prominently before the world. Perhaps the most notable among them is Lord George Hamilton, known at Harrow as "Squash" Hamilton, to distinguish him from his cousin, W. A. Baillie Hamilton, who was a member of the same House, and went by the nickname of "Wab," a euphonious sobriquet for which he was indebted to his initials. Lord George, though, like all his family, well endowed with ability, did not at Harrow give much promise of becoming a Secretary of State before he was forty. But public school "form" is very seldom to be trusted as an index of future success. When we attempt to trace the career of the mere prize-winning prodigy he is only too often to be found in the ranks of the utterly undistinguished—a briefless barrister, a country clergyman, or a humdrum Government official; while, given certain indispensable conditions, the unpromising idler who rarely soars above the last five places in his form, and leaves school with less knowledge of classics and of his country's history than might be claimed by many an aspiring artisan, is often revealed in after-life invested with Cabinet rank and charged with the destinies of half an empire. But in order to achieve success of this kind at least three contributing factors are indispensable: family influence, good natural abilities, and the incentive of ambition. Of the three the first is probably the most important; and it is no disparagement to the present Secretary for India to affirm that without family influence it is highly improbable that he would have become a prominent Minister of the Crown.

He began life as an ensign in a crack regiment of Foot, but when in 1868 a Conservative candidate was required for the important constituency of Middlesex, Mr. Disraeli, with whom the Abercorn family had always been prime favorites,—he gave its chief a dukedom, and subsequently immortalized a daughter of the House in the pages of "Lothair,"—perceiving in Lord George the type of young politician which always strongly appealed to his imagination, recommended that he should be entered for parliamentary honors. Possibly but for a quarrel between the two Liberal candidates, Lord Enfield and Mr. Labouchere (the "Labby" of to-day), the extremely youthful Conservative candidate—he was then not more than twenty-three—would have come off second-best. As it was,

he contrived to win the seat for his party, much to the gratification of Mr. Disraeli, who duly noted him down for subordinate office, which, however, was not bestowed till 1874, the elections of 1868 having proved fatal to the Conservative Government.

Since that time Lord George's political career has been continuously prosperous, and if some of his old schoolfellows have viewed his rapid aggrandizement with a certain amount of surprise, it may be truly said that not one of them has grudged him his success, while the Governing Body has testified its sense of the distinction he has conferred upon Harrow by electing him one of their number, in which capacity he worthily represents his father, himself a governor for nearly half a century. With reference to the Middlesex contest of 1868, I believe it was the last parliamentary election at which, in London at all events, personal "squibs" were placarded on the walls. One couplet I well remember. It related to Mr. Labouchere, who had shortly before been involved in some rather comical dispute abroad with a foreign baron, whose stature apparently was in marked contrast to the dimensions of his cane, for the doggerel ran thus—

Run away, Labouchere, run away, quick;
Here comes the small man with the very big stick!

Lord Enfield, the other Liberal candidate, was, I think, the sitting member. At all events, I remember his addressing the Harrow electors from the "King's Head" portico in the general election of 1865, and his being interrogated from the top of the "King's Head" 'bus by the well-known "Squire" Winkley, one of the principal local tradesmen and politicians. The Squire, whose somewhat inordinate social aspirations did not contribute to his popularity, was hailed by the boys gathered outside the "King's Head" with a good deal of derisive vociferation, which he rather imprudently resented, for in the midst of his harangue the unhorsed omnibus began slowly to move from before the inn door, and amid the "inextinguishable laughter" of the crowd and the frantic gesticulations of the intrusive politician, he was conveyed to a distance where his eloquence was no longer audible. His pretensions were certainly rather ludicrous. To his residence (over his shop) he gave the sonorous name of "Flambards," and it was always understood (though I daresay without any real foundation) that his sobriquet of "Squire" arose from his having invested himself with that title during a holiday tour. Some travelling acquaintance (the story went) to whom he had thus magnified himself, happening one day to come to Harrow, bethought him of his fellow-traveller, and seeing at the station an old hawker with a donkey-cart, asked him if he could tell him where Squire Winkley of Flambards lived. "What!" exclaimed the old hawker, "my damned proud nevvy? Why, over his shop, of course, in the High Street!" Another legend about him, even less credible, was that he had asked Dr. Vaughan, in recognition of some function he fulfilled in connection with the School, if he might wear a cap and gown. "That's as you like," was the discouraging answer. Nothing daunted, the Squire then asked if the boys might touch their hats to him. "That's as they like," the Doctor again replied, with contemptuous suavity. But however apocryphal the story, it had a certain vitality, for the Squire was almost invariably greeted by the boys with the salutation which he was reported to have so vainly courted, but in such a marked spirit of mockery as to drive the recipient almost frantic with affronted dignity.

The Squire also served not infrequently as a target for pea-shooters from the windows of masters' houses adjoining "Flambards." On one occasion, when in solemn conclave with some one he had buttonholed in the street, a deftly directed pea from an unseen marksman suddenly and sharply hit him on the cheek. I happened to be close by, and shall never forget the outraged air with which he complained to a passing master of having been "shamefully assaulted in the public street, while in confidential conversation with a mutual friend of myself and the Earl of Clarendon!" The master, as in duty bound, professed indignation and sympathy; but the culprit, who was perhaps not too diligently sought for, was never discovered.

The Earl whose name had lent such impressiveness to the Squire's complaint had three sons at Harrow, all of whom subsequently made their mark. The eldest, the present Lord Clarendon (then Lord Hyde), is Lord Chamberlain; and had his bent been more political, might fairly have aspired to high Ministerial office. The second son, the late Colonel George Villiers, was an accomplished soldier and diplomat; and the youngest brother, Mr. Francis Villiers, occupies a highly important post in the permanent department of the Foreign Office. All these were members of Edwin Vaughan's house, which harbored most of the "patricians," especially those from the Emerald Isle, where Mrs. Edward Vaughan, an extremely charming woman, had many connections. Several of the "Young Vaughanites" became in due course popular Irish landlords, notably the late Lord Caledon, a Household Cavalry officer of the best type: soldierly, straightforward, and unassuming, who retained throughout life the genuineness and simplicity that characterized him as a Harrow boy.

Another embryo politician who gave little promise of attaining Cabinet rank was Edward Marjoribanks, now the second Lord Tweedmouth, who became one of the most adroit and diplomatic of party "whips," and occupied the post of Lord Privy Seal in the last Liberal Administration. At Harrow he was chiefly conspicuous for a ready plausibility which, if unappreciated by his pastors and masters, has rendered him excellent service in the work of party management; nor did he reveal much promise at Christ Church, where he belonged to a famous set more remarkable for social than scholastic achievements, and whence he withdrew, like his ex-chief, Lord Rosebery, without the adornment of a degree, owing to a difference with Dean Liddell concerning the amount of respect due to College statuary. But to a "gilded youth" of Great Britain such a *contretemps* is of very little consequence. Having sown his wild oats harmlessly enough, Mr. Marjoribanks betook himself to ploughing the political furrow with a vigor and dexterity which a double first-class would probably have considerably impaired.

Among ecclesiastics, Harrow of that day can boast a noteworthy representative in the Archbishop of Canterbury; while to the law it gave Mr. Justice Ridley, Sir Francis Jeune, the late Recorder of London, and the present Lord Advocate. The Archbishop is, again, an instance of the "unexpected." At Harrow he displayed no special ability, and though compelled by an untimely accident to content himself at Oxford with a "pass" degree, his previous university record had scarcely augured any conspicuous achievement in the Honor schools. Nevertheless he revealed as an undergraduate certain valuable qualities which strongly impressed Archbishop Tait, whose only son was one of his most intimate college friends. The Archbishop, who wisely accounted ingratiatory tactful-

ness and sound judgment more important traits in a modern English ecclesiastic than mere scholarly attainments, however brilliant, quickly recognized that the young clergyman was not only calculated to render him excellent service as a lieutenant, but in process of time to figure with credit and influence in the high places of the Church. Nor was Dr. Tait the only personage who formed a favorable opinion of young Mr. Davidson. Queen Victoria, who had an early opportunity of becoming acquainted with him, was equally prepossessed, with the result that at the age of only thirty-five he was awarded the much-coveted Deanery of Windsor, in which he earned the esteem and appreciation of the Sovereign in a higher degree than had been the case with any previous occupant of the office, excepting, perhaps, Dean Wellesley. His subsequent advancement has been invariably attended with an increase of reputation, and by his promotion to the Primacy he has succeeded in winning for his old school an honor which, however little anticipated in his days of pupilage, is universally admitted to be completely justified. Probably his fine tact and delicacy of feeling were never more felicitously exercised than on the occasion of his enthronement at Canterbury, when his graceful tribute to his old master, Dean Farrar, who was present at the ceremony, must have been particularly soothing to the veteran whom he had so signally distanced. It is noteworthy that during the last fifty years Harrow has furnished two Primates: one in the person of Dr. Longley, a former Headmaster, the other Dr. Davidson, an "old boy"; but before the latter's elevation no Harrovian proper had, I believe, attained the highest honors of the Church.

Harrow has never been a great recruiting-ground for the Judicial Bench, nor in that respect has Eton, I believe, been much more fertile. Mr. Justice Ridley, known at Harrow as "young Ridley," in contradistinction to his elder brother, the late Home Secretary, had, like the latter, a singularly brilliant career both at Harrow and at Oxford; but it is pretty certain that but for his near relationship to an influential Cabinet Minister he would never have been promoted to a seat in the High Court, where, if he has his inferiors, he can scarcely claim to be ranked among the rapidly diminishing number of "strong" judges. Had he cast in his lot exclusively with politics he might very probably have gained a considerable, if not a first-rate, position; and as a finished scholar, and distinguished Fellow of All Souls', he would have added lustre to a Government which is strangely deficient in University prestige. But where an elder brother has attached himself to politics, the younger, even if equally gifted, usually adopts some other career. Edward Ridley, accordingly, decided upon the less congenial calling of the law, and after the short parliamentary apprenticeship which every legal aspirant considers indispensable, was awarded an official refereeship, from which he was eventually advanced to a puisne-judgeship.

It is a curious circumstance that both these brilliant brothers should in performance have fallen so far short of their early promise. The effacement, however, of the late Home Secretary must have been due to some other cause than that of inadequate capacity for the office which he held. Possibly he was not sufficiently acceptable at Court, and another Cabinet post of equal importance could not be found for him; but it certainly was a surprise to behold him kicked upstairs with the tinsel solatium of a viscount's coronet, receiving little better treatment than the merest political limpet!

Sir Francis Jeune is the eldest son

of the third of that trio of Heads of Houses who were known in Oxford as "The World, the Flesh, and the Devil." In spite of his sobriquet, Dr. Jeune became successively Dean of Lincoln and Lord Bishop of Peterborough, the latter of which preferments he owed to Mr. Disraeli, whose ecclesiastical sympathies were with the more moderate branch of the Low Church party to which Dr. Jeune belonged. Francis Jeune was more proficient than prominent at Harrow, whence he proceeded to Balliol, achieving there considerable distinction, which, however, hardly pointed to the measure of success he has since attained in the legal world. Equipped with a Hertford Fellowship, he was called to the Bar, where in his early days he very wisely did not even disdain a police-court brief. Indeed, his tact and dexterity would have qualified him for any department of advocacy, though those strange bedfellows, Ecclesiastical and Divorce Law, finally attracted most of his forensic attention. But he was equally at home in the highest tribunals, and I have heard Lord Selborne, who was not prodigal in his compliments to counsel, pay a marked tribute to his arguments in the Court of Appeal, on an occasion when he was opposed by the law officers of the Crown and other legal magnates. As a judge, though he cannot claim to rank with such predecessors as Cresswell, Wilde, and Hannen, he discharges his functions with dignity and credit, and being also Judge Advocate-General enjoys the unique privilege of exercising a triple jurisdiction—in matters military, nautical, and connubial.

Sir Charles Hall, known in his House as "Gentleman" Hall, owed his eventual position partly to his parentage—his father was a Vice-Chancellor—but mainly to his social qualifications, which procured for him powerful friends in high places. His knowledge of law was far from profound, but he had sufficient acumen and dexterity to enable him to conduct any case entrusted to him at least creditably, and to qualify him in the long-run for a silk gown, which he wore with an air of dignity and distinction that was the admiration of every lay onlooker. His manners, too, were as unexceptionable in as out of Court, and unquestionably won for him no small degree of favor. With these advantages, and a county seat in Parliament, he was eminently fitted to fill the post of Attorney-General to the Heir Apparent, which he did with particular satisfaction to his illustrious patron. The Recordership of London involved, however, from a legal point of view, far more serious responsibilities, and when Sir Charles was elected to the post in preference to other candidates of more weighty professional attainments, it was feared that he might find some difficulty in adequately sustaining the *rôle* of a criminal judge. Such, however, was not the case; and if his court did not quite uphold the prestige it had acquired under Russell Gurney, a judge who certainly ought to have adorned a superior bench, it more than maintained the reputation handed down by his immediate predecessor. That he found the Corporation duties attaching to his office congenial I should not like to say; but he fulfilled them with excellent taste and judgment, though he must have occasionally laughed in his sleeve at the contrast between the manners and customs of St. James's and those of the Guildhall. But however that may have been, he managed to preserve unruffled relations with both quarters of the town, as much at home with the representatives of Gog and Magog as with the *élite* of Marlborough House.

For either sphere pre-eminently fit,
Whether with Prince consorting or with Cit,

In Royalty's saloons a radiant star,
Or charming tradesmen east of Temple Bar!

The present Lord Advocate was an accomplished pupil of the late Bishop of Durham (Dr. Westcott), to whom he would occasionally cross over from the House of Commons and chat on old times. At Harrow he combined elegance of scholarship with considerable skill as a racquet player; and if he left Cambridge without having quite maintained the promise of his school-days, he carried away with him more than enough learning for all the practical purposes of his profession. His charm of manner and *savoir faire* have been serviceable allies to the sound abilities which he has always displayed in the course of a somewhat varied legal career; and Scotland may be congratulated on being represented by a law officer who, in culture and personal distinction, if not in actual professional attainments, is a worthy namesake of the illustrious Mansfield.

Of the Harrow cricketers in the early Sixties, I. D. Walker and C. F. Buller were, I believe, the only ones who afterwards became famous, F. C. Cobden belonging to a rather later period.

I. D. Walker, who *in statu pupillari* looked quite as old as many of the masters, provoked, I remember, considerable sarcasm from the Etonians at Lord's, several of them asserting that he was a veteran smuggled back for the purposes of the match, a charge to which Walker's rather wizened countenance and premature side-whiskers afforded some color. "Lord's" was in those days much less of a "Society" resort than at present. The price of admission to all parts of the ground did not exceed sixpence; there were no stands (excepting, of course, the old M. C. C. pavilion), and very few seats, the majority of the spectators (who were unrestricted by ropes) sitting on the grass, while carriages, riders, and pedestrians mingled indiscriminately, under rather precarious conditions. The "chaff," or, as the respective Headmasters more ceremoniously defined it, the "ironical cheering," was then in full swing, and though amusing enough to the vociferators, was a terrible ordeal to the players, and an unmitigated nuisance to the adult portion of the assemblage. To be obliged to deliver a ball to the strident accompaniment of "Bubba—Bubba—Bowled!" (I spell the preliminary exclamation phonetically), was to any boy with even good nerves hideously disconcerting; and it was a profound relief when, a climax of discord having been reached, the Headmasters succeeded by their adjurations before the next match in stopping, or at all events in mitigating, the nuisance.

C. F. Buller, though less useful, was a far more brilliant player than Walker. He was, in fact, almost universally brilliant, even his school-work, when he condescended to do any, being no exception. He was the son of Sir Arthur Buller, an ex-Indian judge, and the nephew of Charles Buller, the promising Whig statesman, much of whose charm and talent he had inherited. Both his father and his uncle were pupils of Thomas Carlyle; but Sir Arthur, at all events, conveyed no suggestion of the fact. Like his son, unusually handsome and distinguished-looking, he had more the air of a Pall Mall cynic than of a pupil of Chelsea's rugged sage. He idolized his boy, whom he appeared to treat more as a younger brother than as a son, and very seldom missed coming down to see him play. I well recollect him sitting in the little pavilion on the old Harrow ground, between the steps of which some nettles had begun to intrude rather aggressively. "Here,

you boys!" exclaimed Sir Arthur imperiously to some small boys seated on the steps, "I wonder you allow nettles to choke up the place like this. Clear them away, can't you?" The small boys, who were engaged in vicarious refreshment, did not relish this haughty command from a visitor, and took no notice. "Ah," observed Sir Arthur with a withering sneer, "if I had said that to Eton boys, they would have done it."

The influence and prestige of C. F. Buller at Harrow can only be compared to those of Steerforth in "David Copperfield." Even the masters fell under his spell, and though not sufficiently high in the School to be entitled to "find"—*i.e.*, to have meals in his own rooms—he was specially favored in this respect by his tutor. At football (which he always played in patent-leather boots!) he excelled as greatly as at cricket, while I think he is the only schoolboy on record who has accomplished a wide jump of twenty-two feet. With the gloves, too, he was invincible; and many a braggart town "chaw," who thought to challenge his supremacy, used to retire from the encounter chastened and unpresentable.

He passed into the 2nd Life Guards (by the way, he used to say at Harrow that the only exercise he could not accomplish was to ride!), where his popularity and prestige were such that his brother officers twice paid his debts rather than he should be lost to the regiment. Eventually, however, financial exigencies compelled his retirement, and in other respects fortune ceased to smile on him; but to all Harrovians of the "early Sixties" his name is still one to conjure with, preeminent among the many that will ever be recalled with affectionate admiration.

Sigma.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE OBERLES.*

BY RENE BAZIN.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE VISIT OF THE PREFECT.

Whoever had entered the house of the Oberlés at this moment would have found it strangely silent. Everyone in it was unhappy. M. Philippe Oberlé had breakfasted as usual in his apartment. Madame Oberlé, by the express order of her husband, had consented to come out of her room when M. de Kassowitz was announced, but she said, "I warn you that I will make no conversation: I am present by your order, I am obliged to receive this person, but I shall not go beyond my strict obligation."

"Very well," answered M. Oberlé; "Jean, Lucienne and I will talk with him—that will be enough." The manufacturer then betook himself, immediately after the meal, to his office at the end of the park. Jean had gone out in his turn, promising to be back before three o'clock. Thus Lucienne found herself alone in the great yellow drawing-room.

She was dressed in a simple gray gown, with no ornaments except a gold belt-buckle, and was placing roses in crystal cups and vases of transparent

* Translated for The Living Age by Annie Dunbar Perkins.

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porcelain, contrasting strongly with the hard, crude tint of the velvet furniture.

Lucienne had the composure of a player who sees his game coming to a successful end. She herself had recently, in two evenings at Strasbourg, arranged an affair which needed only the signature of the contracting parties: M. Joseph Oberlé was to be the official candidate for the first vacant department in Alsace. The visit of M. Kassowitz would be equivalent to the signature of the contract. Opposition would be silent, like that of Madame Oberlé, or change into sullenness like that of the grandfather. The young girl went from the mantelpiece to the gilded console over which hung a mirror, and looked at herself, and thought the movement of her lips pretty as she said "Monsieur le Prefet," very pretty indeed. One thing, however, annoyed her—the absolute solitude around her.

The very servants seemed to have agreed not to be in their places when they were wanted. The ringing of a bell produced no effect. M. Joseph Oberlé had been obliged to go to the kitchen before he could find Victor, the big, good-natured Alsacian who was his father's servant and considered himself in the service of the whole family. "Victor, put on your coat, and be in readiness to receive the person who will arrive about three o'clock." Victor had turned very red and answered in a dejected manner, "Yes sir." "You must keep watch for the carriage, and stand at the foot of the steps." "Yes, sir." After giving this promise, which was very displeasing to his private sentiments, Victor fled and only came back at the third or fourth call, looking bewildered, and pretending he had not heard.

The Prefect of Strasbourg was coming! This name, which Lucienne was practising, Madame Oberlé pondered, shut up in her room. It weighed like a storm cloud on the spirit of the old protesting Deputy. the old forester, Philippe Oberlé, who had given orders that he should be left alone. It tingled in the fingers of M. Joseph Oberlé as he sat in the office of the mill writing business letters and interrupting himself to listen. It sounded like the knell of something noble in Jean's ears, in the farm house of the Bastians where he had taken refuge. It was the theme, the *Leit motiv* to which constantly returned the animated and caustic conversation of the women at the hop-gathering.

For the women and girls belonging to the farm, with the day-laborers who had worked in the hop-garden since morning, were all gathered in the long narrow farmyard of the Ramspacher's place. Seated on chairs or stools with a basket on the right and a heap of hops on the left, they tore off the flowers and threw away the stripped stems. They formed two lines, one along the stable walls and the other along the house, a perfect avenue of blond heads and bodices among the piles of hops that stretched from one woman to another, binding them together as if in a garland. At the other end the gateway for the carts opened wide upon the village square, and through it one could see the gables of some of the houses opposite, their wooden balconies and the flat tiles of the roofs. Through this gate came every half hour fresh loads of hops drawn by one of the farm-horses. Old Ramspacher the farmer, was at his post, under the immense shed in front of the dwelling-house, before which sat the first batch of workwomen, picking off the cones of hops. In this building —a large roof held up on one side by a wall and on the other by pillars of fir logs from the Vosges—most of the farm work was done. The grapes were pressed there, and there they threshed the wheat in the autumn or winter months. In the corners were

kept the farm implements, carts, planks, working materials, empty barrels, and a little hay. There were also a number of large wooden boxes, with tiers of frames where they dried the hops every year. The farmer never delegated these responsibilities. He was at his post before the dryer, where the first shelves were already full, and mounted on a step-ladder, he spread evenly the gathered hops brought to him in great straw baskets by his two eldest sons. The heat of an afternoon in the end of August, the odor of the crushed leaves and flowers rubbed in the hands like scent-bags, intoxicated the women a little. Even more than in the hop-field in the morning, there were loud laughs and questions and reflections which brought forth twenty different answers. Sometimes it was the work that provoked these explosions of words; sometimes it was the sight of an acquaintance going across the square, white with dust and sun; but chiefly they were concerned with the two recent pieces of news—the visit of the Prefect and Lucienne's probable marriage.

The pretty Juliette, the daughter of the sacristan, started the conversation by saying:

"I tell you, Victor told the mason's son; the Prefect was to come in half an hour. You may believe I won't trouble myself when he goes by!"

"He would see too pretty a girl," said Augustin, carrying away two hampers of hop-flowers. "Only the ugly ones will let him see them."

Ida, who had turned up her dress with the blue spots, Octavie the herdswoman, who wore her hair plaited, rolled and arranged at the back of her head like an aureole, and Reine the poor little daughter of the tailor, and others, answered laughing, "He won't see me—or me—or me!"

And the voice of an old woman—the only old woman among them—said grumbling to herself, "I know I am as poor as Peter and Paul, but I'd rather he'd go somewhere else than to my house, that old Prefect!"

"Surely!"

They all talked freely. The words went back and forth between the walls, mingled with bursts of laughter, and the rustling of leaves. But under the shed in the shadow, seated on a pile of joists, his chin in his hands, was a listener who heard them, and that listener was Jean Oberlé. The people of Alsheim had begun to know the young man who had lived among them for five months. They knew him to be a true Alsacian. At this moment they guessed that he had taken refuge here with the Bastian's farmer because he disapproved of the ambition to which his father sacrificed so much and so many people. He had come in giving as a reason that he was tired, and wished to take shelter from the heat, but in reality he could not endure the sight of Lucienne's triumphant happiness. And as yet he knew nothing of his uncle's conversation with M. Bastian. To his unhappy heart the thought of Odile came again and again, only to be driven away, because he felt that he must be master of himself in the approaching moment when he would need all his judgment and all his strength. At times he watched vaguely the strippers of the hop-vines and tried to interest himself in their work and talk: sometimes he fancied he heard the noise of a carriage, and half sat up and remembered that he had promised to meet M. de Kassowitz at the house when he arrived.

Juliette's voice continued in the most animated manner, "What business has that Prefect of Strasbourg to come to Alsheim? We live so comfortably without the Germans!"

"They have sworn to make themselves detested," said the farmer's eldest son, distributing supplies of hops

to the women who had no more. "It seems that they are forbidding people to speak French as much as they can."

"My cousin François-Joseph-Steiger, is a proof of that," cried little Reine, the tailor's daughter. "A gendarme pretended that he heard him say, 'Vive la France.' I am sure he did not know another word of French, but that was enough. My cousin had two months in prison."

"But he did cry out, your cousin! But at Albertchweiler, they would not allow a choral society to perform any pieces in the French language."

"And the French prestidigateur who came the other day to Strasbourg? Didn't you hear about it? It was in the newspaper. They let him pay the fees and rent a hall and pay for his posters, and then they told him, 'You do all that in German, my good friend, or get out!'"

"But the worst is what happened to M. Haas the house-painter."

"What was that?"

"He knew very well that he must not paint a French sign on a shop. M. Haas, for I know him, would not have written a word against the law. But he thought there would be no harm in putting a layer of varnish over a sign that he put up long ago with *Chemiserie* on it. They arrested him and threatened to report him because he had preserved the sign with his varnish."

"Oh! oh! how glad M. Hamm would be if the rain and the wind and the thunder would upset the sign of our inn the *Pigeon Blanc* as they did the *Cigogne!*"

It was an old woman, Josephine the myrtle-gatherer, who said to the farmer's wife who appeared at that moment on the threshold of her house, "Poor Alsace! How gay it used to be when we were young! Was it not, Madame Ramspacher?"

"Yes, and now for a mere nothing we have expulsions and reports and prison; the police everywhere."

"You had better hold your tongue!" cried Ramspacher in a reproachful tone. The youngest boy, François, defended his mother, and said, "There are no traitors here, and how can we keep silent? They are too hard! That is why so many young men emigrate."

From his dark corner Jean looked at the young girls listening with eager eyes, some of them erect and motionless, others still rising and falling over the green stems they were stripping.

"Get to work instead of chattering," cried the master's voice.

"One hundred and seventy insubordinates condemned by the court at Saverne in one single day, last January," said Juliette, laughing till her hair shook; "one hundred and seventy."

François the strong reckless fellow, was at this moment near Jean Oberlé; he poured his basket of hops on the drying plank, and bending down remarked, in a low voice; "The best way across the frontier is by Grande Fontaine; the best path is between Grande Fontaine and Les Miniéres. The frontier is just opposite and makes a sort of spur. You are nearer there than any where else, but you must be careful about the forest guards and the customs officers. They sometimes stop people to ask where they are going." Jean trembled. What did that mean? He began to say, "Why do you——?" but the young peasant had gone and was at work again. Probably he said it on his own account. It was his own project he had confided to his silent melancholy compatriot, to distract him, to draw forth his sympathy or to astonish him.

But Jean was stirred by this confidence.

A childish voice cried, "There's the carriage just coming into the village! It is going to pass down M. Bastian's avenue!" All the workwomen raised

their heads. Little Franzele was standing up beside one of the posts that supported the door. Leaning forward, with the upper part of her body beyond the wall, the wind tossing her curly hair, she was looking to the right whence came the sound of wheels. In the court the women ceased working. They whispered "Here comes the Prefect! He is going to pass here." The farmer, who was drawn from his occupation in the shed as much by the sudden silence of the women as by the voice of the little girl, turned towards the court where the workers were listening, motionless, to the approaching noise of wheels and horses' feet. He ordered, "Shut the great door, Franzele," and added grumbling, "He shan't see how we do it here!

"The little girl pushed to one of the leaves, then putting out her head again curiously; "Oh, that's queer! Well, he can't say he saw many people. Nobody put themselves out much for him. There are only Germans there of course. They are all standing by the *Cigogne*."

"Will you shut that door?" shouted the farmer angrily. This time he was obeyed. The second leaf fell on the first. The twenty persons present heard the sound of a carriage rolling through the silent village of Alsheim. There were eyes in the dark corners behind the window panes. But no one came out on the thresholds, and in the gardens the people digging in the borders were very much absorbed in their work and seemed not to hear.

When the equipage was about one hundred and fifty feet beyond the farm, their imaginations began to depict the avenue of the Oberlés down there at the end of the village, and taking up the handfuls of hop-stems the women and girls asked themselves curiously what M. Oberlé's son was going to do.

They looked slyly towards the shed. He had gone.

He had risen, not to break his word to his father, and by running, he arrived, pale in spite of the exertion, at the gate of the vegetable garden just as the carriage of the Prefect passed the iron gate of the park.

The whole household was ready. Lucienne and Madame Oberlé sat beside the fire place. They were silent. M. Oberlé, who had returned from his office about half an hour before, and put on the coat in which he generally went to Strasbourg, with a vest of white piqué, watched from behind the window panes the approaching carriage which was now turning round the lawn.

The program was carried out according to the plans which he had made. The official personage who had just entered the grounds brought M. Oberlé the assurance of German favor. For one second, in an outburst of pride which made him tremble, he saw in imagination the palace of the Reichstag.

"Monica," said he, turning round and breathing heavily as if he had been running, "Has your son returned yet?"

Seated before him, very slender in her yellow armchair, Madame Oberlé answered, her whole face tense with emotion: "He will be here, since he has promised."

"The most certain thing is, that he is not here now. And the Count de Kassowitz is just arriving—And Victor?—I suppose he is on the steps as I ordered?"

"I suppose he is."

M. Oberlé, furious at the constrained manner of his wife, and at the disapprobation he felt even under her submission, strode across the room, jerked the old bell violently, and half opening the door into the hall, discovered that Victor was not at his post.

He was obliged to go back, for the

noise of steps on the gravel mingled with the last tinglings of the bell. M. Joseph Oberlé took his place near the chimney, facing the door and beside his wife. The steps could be heard on the granite. Some one, however, seemed to have answered the bell. The door moved, and a moment after the Oberlé family could see the old cook, Salome, white as wax, her teeth set, opening the door, and M. de Kassowitz brushing by her and coming in.

This personage was very tall and broad-shouldered, buttoned tightly into his coat. His face combined two incongruous elements: a round forehead, round cheeks, round nose, and then bristling out from the skin, in stiff locks, eyebrows, moustache and short beard, all pointing forward and upward. This face of a fox was animated with two keen, piercing eyes which should have been blue as the hair was yellow, but they were always in shadow because of the overhanging eyebrows and wrinkled eyelids.

M. Joseph Oberlé advanced and said in German, "Monsieur le Prefet, we are much honored by your visit. Really, to have taken all this trouble ——" The official seized and pressed the hand offered by M. Oberlé, but he did not look at him, and did not pause. His steps sounded heavily even on the thick carpet. He fixed his eyes on the slender apparition in mourning who sat beside the chimney. A colossal figure, he saluted her with repeated movements of the upper part of his body, held very stiff.

"M. le Comte de Kassowitz," said M. Oberlé, for the Prefect had never been presented to the mistress of the house.

She made a very slight inclination of the head, and said nothing.

M. de Kassowitz drew himself up, waited a moment, and then resigning himself and affecting a good humor which he probably did not feel, bowed to Lucienne, who blushed and smiled.

"I remember to have seen mademoiselle at His Excellence the Stadtholder's" said he. "And really, though Strasbourg is at some distance from Alsheim, I am of the opinion that there are marvels here which make the journey worth while—better than the ruins in the Vosges, M. Oberlé." He gave a complacent laugh and sat down on the yellow sofa against the light, opposite the chimney. Then addressing himself to the manufacturer who had taken a seat beside him, he asked, "Is your son absent?"

M. Oberlé listened anxiously for a moment and was able to say, "He is here, sir."

And, in fact, the young man entered at that instant. The first person he saw was his mother. He hesitated. His young eyes moved nervously as if they had been hurt. He turned rapidly towards the sofa, pressed the hand extended to him by the visitor, and gravely, with less embarrassment and more coolness than his father, said in French, "I have just returned from a long walk, Monsieur le Prefet. I was obliged to run to be in time, as I had promised my father to be here when you arrived."

"Very amiable!" said the official, laughing. "Your father and I spoke German, but I think I can sustain a conversation in another than our national tongue." He continued in French, putting the accent on the first syllables of all the words. "I admired your park, M. Oberlé, and also this little country of Alsheim. It is very pretty. I should judge that you are surrounded by a rather refractory population, and almost invisible as well. Just now, as I crossed the village, I hardly saw a living soul."

"They are in the fields," said Madame Oberlé.

"Who is the Mayor?"

"M. Bastian."

"Yes, I remember; it appears that

they are as a family very much behind the times."

"Behind the times, yes," said Lucienne, "but good people."

"In fact, very excellent people," said Jean.

"Oh I know what that means." The Prefect made an evasive gesture. "But—provided they walk straight."

The father saved the situation. "We have not many interesting things to show you, sir, but perhaps you might like to see my works. They are full, and very lively, I can tell you. One hundred workmen, machines at work, fir trees of sixty feet below the branches reduced in three minutes into planks, or cut into rafters. Should you like to make them a visit?"

"Yes, very much."

Turned in this direction the conversation immediately became less constrained. The origin of the Oberlé industry, the forests of the Vosges, the comparison between the German system of putting the felling of wood under the administration, and the French system where the owners of lots were allowed to cut the trees themselves, under the oversight of the foresters, gave opportunity for each one to say something. Lucienne grew animated, Madame Oberlé answered when her husband interrogated her. Jean also talked, and M. de Kassowitz began to congratulate himself that he had come. At a sign from her father Lucienne rose to ring the bell and order refreshments, but she had not time to take a step.

The door opened, and Victor, who had failed to be at his post a few moments before, appeared, very red and embarrassed and with his eyes on the ground. On his left arm, holding himself as upright as possible, leaned M. Phillippe Oberle.

The five persons present were standing up. The servant stopped at the door, and retired. The old man entered alone leaning on his cane. He had been dressed in the handsome clothes he wore when he was in health. On his unbuttoned coat was the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Intense emotion had transfigured him. He seemed twenty years younger. He came forward slowly, his body slightly bent but his head high and firm, and he looked at one man only, the German official standing by the sofa. His heavy jaw trembled and contracted as if he were articulating words that no one could hear.

Did M. Joseph Oberlé make a mistake, or did he wish to pay in the same coin? He turned toward M. de Kassowitz, who stood astonished and on his guard, and said, "Monsieur le Prefet, my father has given us a surprise; I had no idea he would come down and join us."

The eyes of the old Deputy, steady under their heavy lids, never quitted the German, who put a good face on the matter and kept silent. When M. Philippe Oberlé was within three feet of him, he stopped. Then, with his left hand which was free, he drew from his pocket and extended to Count de Kassowitz his slate on which two lines were written. The Count bent over it, then drew himself up proudly.

"Sir!"

Already M. Joseph Oberlé had seized the thin sheet of stone, and read these words traced with singular clearness, "I am at home here, sir!" The eyes of the old Alsacian added, "Leave my house!"

"This is too much," cried M. Joseph Oberlé. "Father, do you mean to insult my guests? I hope, sir, you will excuse my father, he is old, excited and somewhat broken in mind."

"If you were younger sir, this should go farther," said M. de Kassowitz in his turn. "And you would do well to remember that you are in my home in Germany, and that it is not wise

even at your age to insult authority."

"Father," cried Madame Oberlé, hurrying to the old man to support him, "You will hurt yourself. It is too much for you."

And in truth an abnormal phenomenon was taking place. The violent rage that agitated M. Philippe Oberlé had given him strength to draw himself completely erect. He seemed gigantic; he was of the same height as M. de Kassowitz. The veins in his temples swelled, his cheeks grew red, his eyes shone. And at the same time this half dead humanity trembled, and exhausted its factitious and frail life in involuntary movements. He made a sign to Madame Oberlé to go, not to support him.

Lucienne, very pale, shrugged her shoulders and approached M. de Kassowitz; "This is only one act in our family tragedy, sir. Take no notice of it, and come with us to the works. Will you allow me to pass, grandfather?"

He took no notice of her. She passed, with a defiant air, between M. Philippe Oberlé and the official, who answered,

"I do not hold you responsible for this insult, mademoiselle. I understand the situation, I understand."

His voice escaped with difficulty from his contracted throat. Furious, and higher by half a head than any one present excepting M. Philippe Oberlé, M. de Kassowitz turned on his heel and went toward the door.

"Come, I entreat you," said M. Joseph Oberlé, bending before the Prefect.

Lucienne was already outside. Madame Oberlé, as sick with agitation as the old man who refused her help, her tears suffocating her, ran out into the hall and up to her room where she burst into a passion of weeping.

In the drawing room Jean remained alone with the old chief who had just routed the foreigner. He came near him; "Grandfather, what have you done?" He meant to say, "This is a terrible affront. The family is destroyed. My father will never forgive it." This is what he would have said, but he lifted his eyes to the old fighter almost at the death struggle and still holding his own. He noticed that it was at him that his grandfather was staring, at him: that his anger was reaching its climax; that his breast rose and fell; that his face was convulsed and contorted. And suddenly, in the yellow drawing room there broke forth an extraordinary voice, a voice loud, hoarse and rough, crying, "Go away! Go away! Go away!"

The sound rose into a shriek. Then it broke. And with his mouth still open, the old man staggered and fell to the floor.

The voice had sounded through the whole house. The voice that no one ever heard, Madame Oberlé had recognized, and through the open door of her room she had distinguished what it said. For M. Joseph Oberlé it had been nothing but a cry of rage and anguish as it reached him two thirds down the garden; a terrible sound in which nothing could be distinguished or guessed. He turned back for a moment frowning, while the foremen and German laborers of the mill saluted M. de Kassowitz with their *vivats:* then he went on with them.

Into the drawing room first ran Madame Oberlé, then Victor, and last old Salome, very pale, with her hands extended, crying: "Oh, was not that M. Philippe Oberlé that I heard?" Then came the coachman and the gardener, hesitating at the door, but full of curiosity to witness the painful scene. They found Jean and his mother kneeling beside M. Philippe Oberlé, who hardly breathed, lying in a state of utter exhaustion. The

exertion and emotion had taken all his strength. They raised him into an easy chair, and made every effort to restore him. For a quarter of an hour there was constant coming and going between the first floor and the drawing room. They brought vinegar, salts, ether.

"I was sure monsieur would have an attack; since morning he has been beside himself. Ah! see, he moves his eyes; his hands are not so cold."

From the end of the park came the cry, "Long live the Prefect!" It entered, with the warm breeze, the room where such words had never been heard before. M. Philippe Oberlé did not seem to hear, but in a few moments he made signs that they should carry him to his room.

Someone came running rapidly up the stairs, and even before entering asked, "What now? What are these cries? Ah, my father!" He changed his tone immediately, and said, "I thought it was you, Monica, with a nervous attack—But who was it then that gave such a cry?"

"He."

"He? It is not possible!"

He dared not repeat the question. His father, on his feet, supported by Jean and the servant, trembling and sinking, advanced across the room.

"Jean," said Madame Oberlé, "take care of everything. Don't leave your grandfather. I am going back up stairs."

Her husband detained her as she went. She was only anxious to get rid of Jean. One could still hear the shuffling of steps, rustling of stuffs, warnings, "Lift him carefully; take care of the turn!" on the landing of the staircase; but when she was alone with her husband, he demanded, "What did he say when he cried out?"

"He cried out 'Go away! Go away!' He often uses those words."

"Those are the only words he has to express his hate. Did he say nothing else?"

"No, I came down in a hurry and found him lying on the ground, with Jean beside him."

"It is fortunate that M. de Kassowitz was not present at the second act; the first was enough. Really, the whole house is in league to make this visit, so honorable to us all, an occasion for scandal and insult; my father, Victor, who was not ashamed to be the accomplice of a delirious old man, Jean, who was impertinent, and you."

"I did not know that you would have any thing to complain of in me."

"Of you first of all. You are the soul of this resistance, which I will conquer. I will conquer it, I warn you!"

"My poor husband," said she, clasping her hands, "Are you still of that opinion?"

"I am."

"But, alas, you cannot conquer everything."

"We shall see."

Madame Oberlé did not answer, and went up to her room hastily. She was tortured by a new anxiety, far stronger than her fear of her husband's threats. "What did my father-in-law mean to say?" she asked herself. "That old man is not insane. He remembers, he foresees, he watches over the house; he is governed by reason. If only Jean did not understand him as I did!"

At the top of the stairs she met her son coming out of his grandfather's apartments.

"Well?"

"It is not serious, I hope he is better; he wants to be left by himself."

"And you?" asked his mother, in anguish, grasping her son by the hand and drawing him into her room. "And you?"

"Why do you ask that?"

When he had closed the door, she came and stood before him, her face very white in the light from the win-

dow, her eyes fixed on her child's eyes. "You understood what your grandfather meant to say?"

"Yes."

She tried to smile and it was heartbreaking to witness this effort of a soul in anguish. "O yes—he cried, 'Go away! Go away!' He often says that to strangers. He was speaking to M. de Kassowitz. Don't you think so?"

Jean shook his head.

"But, dearest, he could not be speaking to anybody else."

"Pardon me, he was speaking to me."

"You are very foolish; you and your grandfather are the best of friends."

"Very true."

"He could not have meant to drive you out of the room."

"No."

"What then?"

"He ordered me to leave the house."

"Jean!"

"And yet, poor man! he was very glad to see me come in."

Jean did not look any longer at his mother because the tears had sprung into Madame Oberlé's eyes, and coming close to him, she took both his hands in hers:

"No, Jean, no, he could not think that—I assure you that you misunderstood him. At any rate you will not do it? Tell me that you will never do it?"

She waited for a moment but he did not answer. "Jean, have pity on me, answer me. Promise not to leave us. Oh, what would this house be now without my son? I, who have no one else! You don't think me wretched enough? Jean, look at me——"

He could not resist her entirely. She saw again the eyes of her son looking tenderly at her. "I love you with all my heart," said Jean.

"I know it, but do not leave me!"

"I pity you, and I venerate you."

"Do not leave me." And as he said no more, she turned away. "You will not promise! You are hard, you too! You are like——"

She was going to say "Your father." Jean thought, "I can give her a few weeks more of peace; I ought to give them," and he said, trying in his turn to smile, "I promise you, mamma, that I will be at the St. Nicholas barracks on the first of October. I promise you. Are you satisfied?" She shook her head, but he, not wishing to say more, kissed her forehead and went hastily away.

* * * * * *

The village of Alsheim talked of nothing else just now but the scene that had taken place at M. Oberlé's. In the torrid heat of the evening, through the dust of the fallen wheat, the pollen of flowers and the dried up moss flying from field to field, the men came home on foot; the children and young men rode, and in the burning light of the sinking sun over the shoulder of the Vosges, the tails of the horses were gold or silver, or black, or ruddy. The women were waiting for their husbands at the doors, and even ran a few steps to meet them, so anxious were they to tell the great news.

"You cannot think what happened at the works! It won't be forgotten for a long time. It seems that M. Philippe was in such a rage that he found his voice again and drove the Prussian out of the house."

Some of the peasants said, "Come, talk at home, wife, when the door is shut," and others observed the general disturbance with anxiety. "This will end by a visit from the gendarmes."

At M. Bastian's farm they were finishing the hop-picking. They were still chattering, gay or serious according to their ages. The farmer had forbidden anybody to open the great door. Prudent under his apparent joviality, he continued to pour out the hampers of hop-flowers with

their scattering fresh pollen. The oxen and horses as they passed the court, snuffed the air and stretched out their necks.

One by one the workwomen rose, shook their aprons, stretched their young arms, yawning as a fresh puff of the breeze came over the house-tops, and went away to their homes and suppers.

At the Oberlés, dinner was announced; never had the shining woodwork and pale tints of the dining room reflected a meal shorter or less gay. Very few words were exchanged. Lucienne was meditating on the new obstacle to her marriage, and the violent irritation of M. de Kassowitz; Jean, on the hell that the family mansion had become; M. Oberlé, on his probably ruined ambitions; Madame Oberlé on the possible departure of her son.

Towards the end of dinner, when the servant had gone out, M. Oberlé began, as if he were continuing a former conversation, "I am not accustomed, as you know, my dear, to yield to violence; it merely exasperates me. I have decided upon two things: first, to build a house in the wood-yards where I can be at home, second, to hasten Lucienne's marriage with Lieutenant von Farnow. Neither you nor my father nor anyone else can prevent this, and I have just written to von Farnow on the subject."

M. Oberlé looked successively at his wife and his son with an expression of defiance. He then added, "It is necessary that the young people should be able to meet and converse freely, since they are betrothed."

"Oh," said Madame Oberlé "are things——"

"They are!" continued he, "by my will, and dating from this evening. Nothing will change this. Unfortunately I cannot allow them to meet here. My father would make some new scandal, or you would," and he pointed at his wife, "or you," and he pointed at his son.

"You are mistaken," said Madame Oberlé, "I suffer cruelly from this plan, but I shall never make any attempt to prevent what you have decided upon."

"Then," said M. Oberlé, "you have an opportunity to prove what you say. I intended to ask nothing of you, and to take Lucienne myself to Strasbourg to the house of some third person where she could meet von Farnow."

"I have not deserved that!"

"Will you then take your daughter yourself?"

She reflected a moment, closed her eyes, and said, "I will, certainly." Jean and Lucienne and M. Oberlé showed their surprise in the expression of their faces.

"I should be delighted, for I confess my arrangement did not altogether please me. It is much more natural that you should take charge of your daughter. But what place of meeting do you think of choosing?"

"My house at Obernai."

The father and son looked up in amazement. The house at Obernai! The Biehler's house? The son at least understood his mother's sacrifice, and rose and kissed her tenderly. M. Oberlé himself said, "That is a good idea, Monica. A very good idea. What time will suit you?"

"As soon as you have let M. de Farnow know. You can fix the day and hour. Write as soon as you hear from him."

Lucienne, slight as was her tenderness for her mother, drew near to her that evening. In the little parlor she sat beside her for two hours with her crocheting, observing with attentive eyes the lined and furrowed face, still so changing and expressive, striving to divine its thoughts. But one can only read a little in the heart of another. Neither Lucienne nor Jean guessed what motive prompted this sacrifice of Madame Oberlé.

(To be continued.)

". . . NISI SERENAS."

The point of view is the determining factor in setting the vexed question at rest. If you have leisure time to spend in the park, if summer means for you first the London season and then country house or yacht, you will naturally give your vote in favor of summer. But to those in the club down the lane winter presents great attractions. To begin with, it is a good deal pleasanter in a workshop in winter than on a sweltering August afternoon. The hot smells of machinery, paper, and printing ink are quite comforting when the bitter east wind is cutting through the fog outside; but when even shirt-sleeves are unbearable—faugh! Besides, in the winter the club is in full swing and nights at play are merry. In summer the stream of club life dwindles away so far as indoor activities go.

That is a summary of our meditations as we paid a brief visit to the Lane one summer evening. The place was almost empty, only a few perspiring enthusiasts were playing ping-pong, a dozen members were trying to slake their thirst with lukewarm gaseous liquids, and half a dozen more were sitting on the front doorstep discussing the probable issues of the Australian match. We strolled through the sweltering rooms, and everywhere the same air of listlessness prevailed. Even in the boys' rooms the games were half-hearted, and when the junior side is half-hearted it is idle to expect energy anywhere else.

Before long our presence was noted and we were made to feel at home. It was impossible to overlook the exuberantly healthy appearance of the youngsters. All were tanned to a rich brown, and some were in that painful stage of peeling which betrays an excessive indulgence in sun and fresh air. It seemed that London pavements and London smells agreed with our young friends, and we commented on the fact. "O no, sir, it's not that. We've been to camp." "Who has been to camp, and who took you?" we asked. "Mr. —— took us all," said the youngster who had taken us under his protection; "he took all the juniors and a lot of the seniors who had just left the junior side. We went to a place near Chichester, quite away from everything and everybody, where we could make all the noise we wanted to and nobody to interfere." Were we mistaken, or was a lightning glance shot at the clerical commander-in-chief who had just strolled in? No, the boy and the man both looked so innocent that no such *arrière pensée* could have existed outside our suspicious mind. "Well, what did you do down there?" "We played cricket and football, and we cleaned out the sweet-shops, and we bathed three times a day." "You see, sir," chimed in another, "we went down there in the evening, and Mr. —— told us to look out for the cathedral. Well, when we got near Chichester, Jack made us all look out at the big lighted-up clock, and then it wasn't a clock at all—it was the moon, and we all sat on his head." "And," cried a third, "we got there about midnight, and we didn't get to bed till one o'clock, some of us in a tent and some of the boys in the house" (the speaker was an elderly man of fifteen) "and we talked till two, and we all forgot to wind our watches, and when the sun woke us we thought it was six o'clock, and we got up, and then we found it was only half-past three, so we played football." "And Ginger sat down with his back to a

rabbit hutch," said somebody else, "and the rabbits tried to eat his hair"; at this point there were signs of a scuffle, but conversational instincts prevailed. "We ducked Mr. ——; we were playing polo, and he got the ball and couldn't swim very fast with it, so we ducked him, and he laughed." "Well, and what did you do then?" "Why, we ducked him again . . ." "And then he ducked five of us, one after the other!" said an injured voice.

Then we found ourselves talking cricket. The transition was easy, the games at camp led naturally to the county in which the camp was situated, and so to the county matches. Our ignorance was turned inside out in about thirty seconds, and we listened in abashed silence to a string of averages and prospects, varied by severe criticism of certain prominent players. From this the talk drifted to the prospects of the cricket club of the junior side, and in a weak moment we promised to come and see them play somewhere in the wilds of the West the next Saturday.

Saturday arrived, and we rashly decided to go by Underground. We were recognized and seized upon at the entrance to the station, and triumphantly escorted to the sulphurous depths. The platform was crowded; so was the train when it steamed into the station. Half a minute later the platform was empty and the train was positively bulging. There were eight a side and four standing in the compartment into which we had been hustled by our young friends. At every station attempts were made to force an entrance by other would-be travellers, attempts which were successfully resisted by the virtuous champions of law and order within, who pointed indignantly to the faded inscription "five seats," vowed that they were one and all convalescent after measles, and, when merely verbal arguments failed, showed excellent causes of a different kind why a lodgement should not be effected.

The horrors of that ride will not lightly be effaced from our memory. The thermometer stood at anything you please, the passengers stood on our toes, and two musically disposed individuals played popular airs on mouth organs. At last we emerged into the blessed light of heaven; bricks and mortar grew thinner, giving place to green fields; and at every station the train disgorged. As far as the eye could reach—not very far when all is said and done—games of cricket were going on. We had come to one of London's playgrounds. Our turn came at last, and, with a sigh of relief, we too left the torture chamber and revelled in the clean cool breeze as we quitted the station and made our way to the field which our club shared with a dozen other clubs for the purposes of cricket.

No time was wasted. The other team was already on the ground, and we were offered the alternative of scoring or umpiring. On the whole umpiring seemed the easier thing of the two, and we spent the rest of the afternoon in giving wrong decisions and dodging hard-hit balls from all the surrounding wickets. But how those lads enjoyed it! Every stroke, every ball, every smart bit of play, every mistake, every erratic decision of a distracted umpire was hailed with delight. Towards sunset the game ended in a victory for us, and we all adjourned towards home. The way led past a big refreshment tent. Not a word was said, not a hint was given, but we intercepted one or two hungry glances, we noted one or two stealthy feelings in empty pockets, and—well, if they didn't *say* grace, they *looked* it.

They sang songs all the way home, and we parted from them, at the club, where they were going to play games

till ten or eleven. Truly Pippa herself on her one day free from wearisome silk-winding could not have made better use of every moment of holiday.

Occasionally on Saturday afternoons and evenings excursions are made by the club members to various places of interest and amusement. Westminster Abbey, among its other services to history, has received a deputation from the Lane within its walls. We are credibly assured by those who took part in that ramble that the venerable minster is well worth a visit. More interest seems to have been aroused by an inspection of the headquarters of the Fire Brigade in Southwark, but true enthusiasm was reserved for a visit to Newgate. Our clerical friend assured us that when it began to be rumored that Newgate was to be pulled down in order to make room for model dwellings or some such improvement, he was overwhelmed with entreaties to arrange a visit to the old gaol before it was too late. For some time he hesitated, disliking any possibility of pandering to sensationalism, but we took upon ourselves to urge upon him the importance of cultivating the historic sense and the value of such an admirable object lesson, and eventually the expedition was arranged.

An order to admit twenty visitors was obtained, and we made an insignificant twenty-first. On the afternoon appointed the party set out from the Lane followed by the envious eyes and sarcastic remarks of the disappointed ones who were left behind. "Don't get kept there by mistake, Bill;" "Oh, Bill won't dare go inside when he gets there;—better let me go instead, Bill;" but Bill was impervious, feeling, doubtless, that he laughs best who laughs last.

The day was warm, but the liveliest was chilled as the door swung open in the thick gray wall offering a vision of the dark within. Once entered the party was divided into two bands. It fell to our lot to accompany a stout warder and our clerical friend. It was not an amusing visit, the place and its associations were too deadly grim; but there were elements of mirth even in Newgate. Especially were we moved to suppressed laughter by the strictly professional jocosity of the warder, and his deceptions, which would hardly have deceived the unwariest of country cousins, and were singularly transparent to the sharp youngsters from the Lane. Nevertheless there are certain rules by which the game should be played, and the visitors played according to rule. It began very early when the clergyman remarked, with bland innocence, "One would scarcely suppose that those handcuffs were large enough, would one? They would never fit my wrists, I'm sure." The warder was instantly on the alert. "I think this pair would just about suit you, sir." Our friend, still with amazing innocence of look, extended his hands and, in a moment, was fitted with a pair of handcuffs which might, as the warder said, have been made for him. "And as they fit you so well, sir, it would be a pity to take them off." Of course they were taken off almost immediately (after the warder had pretended elaborately that the keys were lost), of course the victim of the joke looked very blue, of course everybody else laughed immoderately; the game was played strictly according to the rules, so much so that we rather fancied that the warder himself was almost duped into believing that he really had caught somebody by surprise; at all events, he thawed amazingly after that little by-play.

Then we went to the chapel, whose galleries are shut in with drab-colored screens so arranged that the prisoners seated behind them can see nobody but the chaplain. It is well that there should be nothing to distract their

minds from heavenly things, for the chapel itself with its dingy ugliness is surely the least inspiring spot in God's world, and a very little break in its bare monotony would irresistibly draw the mind to earth. It is, however, redeemed from the abysses of the commonplace by another plain screen with a seat behind it close to the chaplain's pew. Here, seen by none, sits the condemned murderer for the last three Sundays before he is hurried into the presence of his Maker. It was easy to read our cleric's thoughts; he was wondering how a man would preach and what he would say if some one were sitting behind that screen counting the minutes as the Sundays raced by.

We went next to the disused prison where convicts used to be confined. The cells were scrupulously clean and marvellously uninviting. The only attractive places were the punishment cells, which exercised an irresistible magnetism upon the party. They were roomy and airy, but were provided with no windows and had double doors which, when closed, excluded every ray of light, leaving Egyptian darkness within, and prevented the faintest echo of the most thunderous noise from being heard without. Suspicions had been lulled to sleep, and ten of the party walked innocently in. Instantly the doors flew to, and we were left outside with a chuckling warder. From what we know of the lungs of the Lane, we have little doubt that the doors had their capacities as sound-proof articles more severely tried at this time than at any previous period of their existence, and we have great pleasure in testifying that not a whisper escaped.

When the innocent prisoners had been set free there were two other cells to visit, the condemned cells. Fairly large, well lighted, airy, there was at first a certain sense of comfort in them when contrasted with the cells which we had seen, but the sense of comfort was swallowed up in the horror of their associations. Merciful God! what terror those blind walls have witnessed, what clutchings at straws of hope of reprieve, what abandonment to despair!

Last of all we went out into the gray courtyard from which so many have seen their last glimpse of the sky. To our disgust, rather than to our surprise, there was a morbid curiosity displayed by a few of the party, and a desire to see the implements of death with which Newgate is chiefly associated; but the warder showed no sympathy with this curiosity, and curtly escorted the party onwards. There is a flagged passage leading from the prison to the Old Bailey, along which prisoners pass daily to and from their trial. On the walls of this passage are cut various initials. They are initials of men and women who have paid for their passions with their lives. These are their monuments, and their bodies go to dust beneath the flagstones which they trod in life.

With a shiver we left Newgate for the sunny world outside. One of the party came up to us as we walked thoughtfully homeward, and said: "A good time ago, sir, I and my mate were coming towards Waterloo Bridge, up the steep hill on the Surrey side. A van had been left by the driver, and the horse got frightened and bolted. It dashed right past me, and I made a rush for it, but I was too late, and I couldn't catch it up the hill; and I thought there would be an awful smash in the Strand. But, all of a sudden, a copper on Waterloo Bridge jumped in front of the horse, and managed to stop it at the risk of his life. I didn't say anything to him, but I strolled past (he was as white as a sheet) and took his number, and wrote to Scotland Yard. They came to my house and made inquiries about it, and I believe he was rewarded." The

speaker turned and looked at us earnestly. "You saw that man's initials on that wall just now, sir; that copper was Police Constable Cook, who was hanged a year later for a murder committed on Wormwood Scrubs. Queer, wasn't it?"

Our business occasionally takes us to a great hospital in the heart of London, and when the particular duty is done it is our habit to spend a sociable half-hour in the sanctum of one of the junior members of the resident staff, discussing with him the mysteries of heaven and earth under the inspiring influence of blended tobacco and iodoform. Judge of our feelings when, on a recent occasion, he remarked, "We've got some friends of yours coming here to-night," and added, in response to our puzzled looks, "Your Dramatic Society, you know." "Dramatic Society! What Dramatic Society?" we asked; for, indeed, whatever our vices may be, they do not include the boring of our friends with amateur theatricals. "Look here," he said, and drew our attention to a notice that proclaimed to all and sundry that on such and such a night the —— Dramatic Society, from the Lane Club, would give a performance in the great hall of the hospital, for the entertainment of the convalescent patients, which entertainment the staff were invited to attend. "What on earth?" we exclaimed, and well we might. We were, of course, aware that a dramatic society, which, after the manner of dramatic societies, thought of itself with no excessive modesty, flourished in the Lane; but we had heard nothing of this projected visit, and the audacity of the thing (as it seemed to us) left us speechless. The doctor could give little information. "I'm told," he said, "that the man who runs the theatrical part of your show came and saw the secretary here, and offered the services of his troupe, and that the secretary accepted the offer; and I happen to have seen the hall this morning in wild confusion and the carpenters' hands. That's all I know about it. You'd better stop and have some dinner here and see the show. Frankly, I expect it'll be awful rot, you know, these things always are; but I must, in common decency, put in an appearance, and I dare say the convalescents will enjoy it." So we stopped.

Dinner done, and cigarettes ended, we strolled across the quadrangle to the great hall, which had been converted for the time being into a small theatre. The audience had already assembled, and we glanced round during the minutes of waiting which preceded the performance. Two or three of the leading lights of the profession, by which the Club in the Lane is supported, were present, and with them were some of the hospital authorities. The rest of the hall was filled with patients of all ages, and in all stages of convalescence. In a window, propped in his place by a kindly looking nurse, was a little crippled chap of eight or nine, his eyes shining with excitement as he gazed earnestly at the curtain which hid the stage. Near him was a man with a bandaged head. A girl lay on a wheeled couch not far off. Everywhere were those who had endured the great mystery of pain, everywhere the pain was for a time forgotten. As we looked we began to feel a little less cynically disposed towards those who had given this temporary release. Round the walls stood many of the resident staff looking as if they hardly knew what to expect.

Three knocks behind the scenes signalled that the performance was about to begin. Eager attention seized the convalescent part of the audience from the first, but its more educated members were evidently disposed to be critical. It was, therefore, with inter-

est, not unmingled with a certain entertainment, that we observed the patient look fade from their faces, yielding place to interest, then to amusement as the comedy on the stage progressed, and, finally, to undisguised enjoyment. Indeed the performance was worthy of praise. The actors were all working men—we recognized among them a couple of porters from Covent Garden Market, a compositor, and a lad from the great tobacco factory in the Lane—and they had some of the working man's weakness in the matter of pronunciation; but it was clear that they had been magnificently trained, and their rendering of the little play entrusted to them fairly astounded those who were accustomed to look on "the masses" as unintelligent clods.

At the close of the entertainment, after the hearty and well-deserved applause had died down, there were calls for a speech from the stage manager. We knew him slightly, having made his acquaintance at the Club, and we waited to hear what he would say. After acknowledging the hospitality and courtesy of the hospital authorities, and the kindly reception given to the actors, he continued:—

Perhaps an explanation of our presence here, even an apology, is due to you. (No, no.) You must not think that we desired to force our presence and our amateur efforts upon a long-suffering public, or that we came with any idea of advertising ourselves. (Hear, hear.) From the very foundation of this Dramatic Society we have looked forward to paying visits of this kind, and I will tell you why. This society is, as perhaps some of you know, one of the branches of the Club in —— Lane, a Club which is largely supported by the generosity of those who are wealthier than the members of the Club. It is not in the power of the Club members to offer any return to their supporters; but they desire to show in a practical way that they appreciate what is done for them; and the method in which they show their appreciation is this: they endeavor to brighten the lives of others who are less fortunate than themselves (applause), and it is the hope of this Society to give performances of this kind in many of the great hospitals and workhouses of London (applause), and in this way to follow the excellent example of social kindliness and helpfulness set them by the supporters of their Club. (Loud applause.)

We glanced covertly at our medical friend who was standing at our elbow. He caught our eye; "Well," he murmured, "may I be vivisected!"

Sometimes parties from the Club are invited to spend half-holidays at country houses within reach of London. We were happily instrumental in procuring an invitation of this kind to the house of a friend who lives sufficiently far from London to be in the heart of the country, but not far enough away to make the journey a severe tax upon patience or pocket. Like many another man, our friend gave the invitation in haste and repented at leisure. "My dear fellow," he said despairingly, a few days before the visit was to be made, "What on earth am I going to do with them? I suppose they'll want some tea or something of that kind, but what'll they do afterwards? Of course I'm delighted to give them a chance of an afternoon out and all that kind of thing, but they will frighten me and I shall bore them to death." His countenance took a deeper shade as he continued, "Sometimes parties of what they call beanfeasters drive through the village, and they always have a fellow who plays a cornet hideously out of tune. I do hope none of your men will play cornets. And I know the vicar will call on me and say that if I encourage that kind of thing I can really have no serious objections to entertaining his Sunday school treat in my gardens." But at this point we interrupted, for when our

dear friend gets on the subject of the vicar he is apt to wax prolix. (We have never had the privilege, by the way, of hearing the vicar expand in mellow moments on the subject of the Squire.) "Oh, they'll be all right," we said hastily; "give them a big ham and a round of beef and plenty of cake and jam, and then let them amuse themselves. They're awfully good chaps when you get to know them. You needn't trouble about entertaining them, they'll entertain themselves and you too." We spoke hopefully, but we confess to a sinking in our hearts, for we had had no more experience in such matters than our rashly philanthropic friend, and, should things go wrong, the responsibility rested eventually upon us, and we should hear more of it from his wife and daughters.

The day arrived, and, after a sweltering railway journey, we set out upon the two-mile walk that lay between the station and our destination. We never knew before what a bad walker your true Londoner is. It took nearly an hour and an infinity of coaxing to escort fifteen men over those two miles of road. At last the journey ended, and a hot dusty party was welcomed by a nervous host. But their evident needs broke through his shell and appealed to the humanity beneath. "Come and have a wash," he said, and the ice was broken. They washed till they shone with polish, and then they sat down to tea in a shady part of the garden. As we had foreseen, they took their host under an expansive wing. Our keenest politician happened to sit next to our entertainer, and proceeded, in the intervals of ham and beef, to enlighten him. Now our host is himself by way of being a politician in a philosophic way. He never stood for Parliament, it is true, nor does he ever take the chair at public meetings, but his library is stored with blue books on every conceivable subject. He generally considers, too, that he can hold his own in argument, but he was not allowed a chance that afternoon. His facts, figures, and theories were contemptuously brushed aside, and he was deluged with talk till he took refuge in silence. We feared that he would be mortally offended, but, to our relief and surprise, he said at the end of the meal (which lasted till the table was bare), "Well, I don't accept a single one of your arguments, but I don't mind confessing that you have suggested a new point of view to me and given me something to think over. Perhaps I have been inclined to look at these things a little too much from the point of view of my armchair."

The party broke up and sauntered round the grounds in detachments. The host and hostess had thoughtfully provided long churchwarden pipes and plenty of tobacco, so that wherever you turned you met long pipes in full blast. Like most men with country houses our friend knew a good deal about flowers, and he was immensely surprised at the knowledge displayed by the two young men whom he was escorting. He carried them off to his greenhouses, but even there he could find scarcely a plant which was unknown to them. "You have a wonderfully good knowledge of horticulture," he said at last; "pray where did you learn it? Were you brought up on some estate in the country?" "Oh no, sir, we work in Covent Garden Market, and there are very few flowers which you don't see there."

Day was slowly fading into evening, the rooks were holding solemn conclave in the great elms, and the shadows were lengthening when the party began to reassemble. Some had been simply basking on the lawns, some had been splashing about in the cool ponds, some had found a swing in the woods and had been enjoying themselves with riotous merriment, some—the true

cockneys—had been hunting for August birds' eggs. Now all were led by some mysterious instinct to the rose garden, where they lay down on the grassy walks by the old sundial on which was carved the inscription "*Horas non numero nisi serenas.*" Somebody struck up a plaintive plantation ditty, the rest joined in the chorus, and the blended voices fell softly on our ears where we sat some way apart with our host and his daughters discussing many things.

"Its effects won't be altogether visible in your day or mine, perhaps," he said in conclusion, "for the old aristocratic instincts die hard, and England is still conservative to the backbone. But none the less there is a social revolution going on under our eyes, and the tendencies are at present towards democracy. There may be, doubtless there will be, reactions. Then, when the present movement has spent itself perhaps some of Wells's anticipations will be realized, though not, I fancy, precisely in the form which he foreshadows. However, that is looking a long way forward. Meantime let us hope that the inevitable changes will come with friendliness and good feeling, and not with bitter class strife and hatred. I wish I could see some way in which we wealthy men could get into closer touch with the masses and be friends with them without any thought on either side of soup-tickets and charity blankets. . . . Such an afternoon as this, for instance. . . ."

One of the party came up, hat in hand, to express the fear that it was time for a start to be made towards the station. "Some of the chaps say, sir, that they wouldn't mind spending a week here; but that wouldn't suit you and it wouldn't suit our employers. So, good-bye, sir, and thank you and your good lady for all your kindness." Hearty farewells were exchanged with many expressions of mutual goodwill, and so we found ourselves tramping gaily to the station in the midst of a band of men, every one of whom flourished bunches of flowers with his hands, wore a long clay pipe stem downwards in his buttonhole, and shouted the chorus of the song which pleased his fancy most.

All the journey home was enlivened by the murder of music. When we reached the London terminus we slipped quietly and unobserved away, while the rest of the party, wild with excitement, danced the can-can through the moonlit station yard.

H. G. D. Latham.

The Cornhill Magazine.

SHEPHERD AND SHEEP.

PART I.

It was ten o'clock in the evening, and Ostrokov, the little township in Polish Prussia, was already turning over on its other side in bed. Only in the parlor of the "Lame Horse" things were still wide awake and merry. It was a distinguished gathering. There were Herr Pfrund the burgomaster, Herr Notarius Schwefelgeist the town-clerk, and eight out of the ten town councillors; but the most important person there was not councillor, not town-clerk, nor even burgomaster: it was his Reverence Herr Rabbiner Jacob Eisenmann, the spiritual head of the Jewish community in the township. He it was who was paying for the beer.

A strong contrast to the stolid, florid

faces and close-cropped polls were his own thin, sensitive features, and the black, wavy ringlets of hair that might have been no discredit to Absalom himself. Merrily he shook them back as they attempted to stray into his eyes whilst he was busy keeping the talk in swing so as to leave the others all their time free for drinking. Nor could he complain that his efforts were unappreciated. Many a hearty laugh he drew, in which he joined as heartily. Yes, by St. Theodosius and the three candlesticks! this Jew rabbi was not at all a bad fellow. He did not look at both sides of his money; he told stories that split your flanks, dozens and dozens of them, and each one different from the other. Yes, a very good fellow indeed, thought the burgomaster as he drained his tankard to the bottom and rose to go home, mindful of what had happened to him the last time he had outstayed his furlough.

"What, burgomaster! you setting such a bad example? I won't hear of it.—Here, my host, another round—your pet Bavarian, you know—the one you keep in the farthest corner of your cellar.—And that reminds me, Herr Burgomaster, of a story. Why, I am only just getting warm."

So the burgomaster stayed for another round and another story, and yet another round and another story. One might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb. So it was midnight ere the party staggered out on its fuddled way homewards, feeling that life was worth living, curtain-lectures and all.

"Good-night, gentlemen! Happy dreams and a happier awakening to you all!" cried the Herr Rabbiner cheerily.

"Everything will be all right, Herr Rabbiner; don't trouble," said the burgomaster mysteriously as he shook hands.

"Don't trouble, Herr Rabbiner. Everything will be all right," echoed Herr Schwefelgeist the town-clerk, with a mien of still greater mystery.

"Everything will be all right, Herr Rabbiner. Don't trouble," said each one of the councillors, with but little variation of formula or mode of expression.

"Thank you very much, gentlemen. I am greatly obliged to you for your promises," replied Rabbi Eisenmann, bowing to each one in all humility. "Herr Burgomaster—that yarn of the man in the bath-tub—capital, wasn't it?"

A loud, reminiscent guffaw answered him, his own ringing out clear above the others' laughter. He waited till the rest had gone on a little distance in front, and then started off home by himself, striking down into a side-street to make sure against coming into touch with the bulk of the party. His own dwelling lay pretty well in a line with that of the others; but he had his own reasons for parting company with them at the tavern-door. It was thus that he would convey to the high dignitaries of the town that though they might favor him with their good-fellowship round the beer-table, he, the Jew, dared not presume to make this familiarity extend to the immemorially Roman Catholic streets. That would flatter their self-respect; and, again, unrestrained by his presence, they could more freely accentuate on each other's minds the good impression left there by a man, be he Jew or Christian, who had bidden the niggardly and jealousy guarded hogsheads discharge themselves in a generous flood till you forgot whether you were the hogshead or the drinker. That was diplomatic, thought Rabbi Eisenmann, and God knew he had need of all the astuteness for which he could tax a mind which usually spurned sophisticated methods and crooked ways! He was playing a difficult game.

How difficult it was he had plenty

of time to recapitulate to himself as he stepped along wearily through the breathlessly sultry summer night; and so much depended on it—O God, so much! In fact, everything: his livelihood, his career in the world, the welfare of those near and dear to him. It was a strange series of events which had brought him to this pass. To hark back to the very beginning: he had lived in the place of his birth, the pocket edition of a town in Russian Poland, some fifty miles from the German frontier, till he was past his seventeenth year. He had been happy enough there, passing his days and nights in the study of Sacred Writ and the brain-bewildering explanations of the Commentaries, watching the busy spiders spin their cunning festoons amid the rafters of the Talmud School gables, and himself spinning his own web of day-dreams of the golden future that was to be his, and earning a casual meal here and there by teaching the *aleph-beth* to the children of his hosts. Then the marriage-brokers of the place, seeing that he was a likely young man, and one who could be made a marketable article of matrimonial traffic, laid their greedy eyes upon him; and, before he quite knew what had happened, being at the time greatly preoccupied in a knotty controversy with one of his fellow-students, he found himself wedded and all to Rehle, the only child of Reb Nathan the corn-chandler, a man fairly well dowered with the world's goods. That was not such a bad state of affairs, young Jacob Eisenmann could not help admitting to himself when he came to consider the true inwardness of the matter. Regular meals, with second helpings; a pretty, young wife—she really was pretty, thought Jacob when he eventually found pluck enough to have a good look at her; a warm overcoat and calf-leather goloshes for the winter—could God in Frenchland, as the saying was, have more cause for being satisfied?

For three or four months lasted this halcyon tide, and then Jacob Eisenmann felt a distinct though subtle change coming over him. The overcoat was not quite so warm; the second helpings stuck in his throat. Little Rehle was still as pretty—nay, she was even more than that: she was good and true, a jewel which deserved a grander casket than it had found in his own tome-encumbered heart, although she would have given him but poor thanks had he dared to suggest such a thing to her. But whether it was the new responsibility which engendered in him a new sense of dignity, or whether it was that the inner cravings for light and air and space which had slumbered in him all these years, ignored and suppressed, began to clamor for their rightful place in his scheme of life—enough that he awoke one morning with the unalterable resolve to turn his back on the dusty precincts of the Talmud School, on the spiders' spinnings and his own cobwebs, and to strike out into the vast world beyond the frontier, with its unnumbered possibilities, where it was given to every man to perform that greatest miracle of all—to make of himself what he would. Of course, little Rehle fainted when he told her of his intention to leave her behind in her father's care, and when she came-to she cried woe and misery so that the neighbors came running in with the fire-buckets; but presently she began to see the case in a more optimistic light, and her glistening cheeks, as she kissed Jacob goodbye, did not imply the moisture of grief, but pride and confidence in her adventurous young husband, who was faring forth into the prosperous land of the Aschkenazim, where, as report said, sugar was cheap and all the women went about arrayed in dresses of silk.

So Jacob Eisenmann came to the first goal of his desire, the world-famous Rabbinic Seminary at Breslau. There he remained for four years, and then he made his second stride on the road to fortune in being appointed full-fledged Rabbiner to a fair-sized community in Pomerania. The first thing he naturally did was to send for his wife Rehle, who came, bringing with her their four-year-old son Moses, and had great difficulty in recognizing in the well-groomed, sprucely attired young cleric the whilom draggle-tailed beggar-student of the Talmud School. With marvellous speed and facility Rehle accommodated her old-fashioned provincial ways to the politer and more finicky habits of her new surroundings. Rehle became Germanized into Rahel, as did Moses into Moritz; but apart from that she presented no change to her husband. She was still to him the priceless jewel in an unworthy casket. With that guarantee for a cloudless enviable future, they lived three perfect years, till that dread day when the thunderbolt came crashing into their little paradise and sent them forth on a panic-stricken, perilous pilgrimage into the unknown.

It was the time when the German Government, stung to an access of patriotic nepotism, resolved that none but its own native-born children should dwell under the august protection of the Imperial Black Eagle. From end to end of the Fatherland the watch-word suddenly rang out: "Germany for the Germans!" An exception, of course, was made in the case of those aliens who through length of residence and legal documentary formula had acquired rights of citizenship; but to those who had not been so provident scant courtesy and a shorter shrift was meted out. Most rigorous of all were the measures adopted against those who were subjects of the Czar, and more especially Jewish subjects. Whether it was an ironic act of reprisal for the discomforts and disabilities which the Russian Orthodox Church had inflicted on German Protestants resident in the domains of the Holy Russian Empire, or whether Germany was eager to proclaim to the world that it was capable of evolving in Herr Stöcker as choice a specimen of latter-day civilization as Russia had done in Monsieur Pobiedonostsef, must be left to the impartial historian. It only concerns us in so far as Rabbiner Jacob Eisenmann was a Russian Jewish subject, and as such in the category of those whom it was a most sacred duty to proscribe and cast forth; and so, when one fine morning the chief commissioner of police called upon the Herr Rabbiner and asked him to be so good as to allow him a cursory inspection of his naturalization papers or any other credentials of residence he might possess, the Herr Rabbiner could only gasp and tremble and look dumbly at his wife Rahel, who dumbly looked back at him. The next morning their doom arrived in the shape of a bureaucratically worded notice to quit the town within fourteen days, on pain of being treated as political offenders. So Jacob Eisenmann gathered up himself, his wife, and his two children, the younger of whom had arrived a year ago, and set out in quest of a new home, relying on God to guide his footsteps aright amid the pitfalls and ambushes of the wicked.

Indeed, he had need of all the uplifting trust that was in him to carry him through that dread period of vagabondage and homeless wandering. The most obvious resort he might be considered to have had, the return to his native land, was only an exchange of the frying-pan for the fire. He had not performed his years of military service; and, once back on Russian soil, he would be subject to all the fearsome pains and penalties of the de-

serter. Then, again, his innate racial steadfastness of purpose, so often mistaken for mere obstinacy, urged him to cling, so far as he could, to this stepmotherly land of his adoption—first, in order to vindicate his right to the elementary privileges of a human being, of which it was attempted to deprive him; and, secondly, because he felt that here, and here only, could he achieve the plan of life he had mapped out for himself and fulfil his destiny of becoming what he would.

Then commenced a desperate struggle for gaining time, a grasping at straws, a slipping through loopholes, an unequal contest with unfeeling red-tape and heartless officialdom. They journeyed from town to town, being allowed in each place, as birds of passage, a respite of one, two, sometimes three weeks; after which the commissioner of police came, asked for their credentials, and packed them off to go through the same process of elusion, detection, and expulsion at their next halting-place. But as though to encourage them in the belief of their ultimate success, they had been attended at the very outset of their odyssey by a great stroke of good fortune. Two days before they left Pomerania the patrimony due to Rahel on the death of her father, who had not survived the departure of his only child from under his roof for more than a year or so, reached her hands—that is, all that portion of it which had successfully escaped the grasp of contesting claimants and defending lawyers. It amounted to three thousand thalers, and that was what enabled them to carry on their policy of temporizing, with the attendant outlay of expensive hotel bills, tippings, and petty briberies.

At last their wanderings had brought them to Ostrokov. Here an unforeseen incident marred the routine of their programme—namely, the falling ill of Rahel and the younger child. But, not unlike other calamities, this one proved a blessing in disguise. When the police commissioner came at the end of a fortnight with the customary order of removal, he was confronted by the professional authority of a doctor, who demanded a respite of at least another week. The police commissioner thereupon flew into a huff, and, to prove conclusively that his powers were greater than those of a mere family practitioner, refused the week's respite and granted instead a prolongation of stay for the space of three full calendar months. Here was Rabbi Eisenmann's chance, and he seized it avidly. He had not been altogether inactive, even in the course of his peregrinations; but the numerous changes of address had rendered any systematic action very difficult. Now, with the prospect of clear three months at his disposal, he drew up an organized plan of campaign. He flung forth petition after petition; he bombarded the heads of districts, the prefects of departments, the governors of provinces, the chairmen of ecclesiastical councils, the Imperial Chancellor, the Emperor himself. At the very beginning the Jewish community, their hearts brimming over with pity, had appointed him to the vacant post of rabbi, not temporarily but *in perpetuum*, so as to strengthen his position by pretending that in their minds at least there existed not the faintest doubt as to his right of domicile or his ability to prove the justice of his claim. Then, at last, at last, some twenty days before the expiration of his leave of stay, came back the decision of the Minister of the Interior, intimating that Herr Rabbiner Eisenmann would be granted a patent of naturalization on condition that, within the limit of his period of residence, the town council of Ostrokov consented to put him on their list of burgesses.

That certainly was a great point gained, inasmuch as it converted the deal with unseen, intangible possibilities into a deal with what was actual and personal; but still victory seemed as far off as ever. To begin with, the corporation of Ostrokov nearly exploded with pride at the reflection that the Imperial Chancellory had, as it were, delegated to it a high Government function. They were almost certain to make the little molehill of responsibility into a mountain which the Herr Rabbiner might, or might not, be able to climb. Apart from that, too, they were not in the most charitable of moods. Trade had not been flourishing of late, for there had been a long-continued drought, and the peasants from the neighboring villages, instead of coming into the town to make their usual purchases, had stayed at home nursing each other's anxiety for the jeopardized harvest. But the real difficulty in the matter had been made clear to Rabbi Eisenmann by his trusty counsellor and well-wisher, Herr Isaac Friedenthal, the senior warden of the congregation.

"I am afraid, Herr Rabbiner," the kindly old man had told him, shaking his head sadly, "that you can count on very little help from us. You have, as you know, our sympathies and moral support; but that is as far as we can go. We are not a powerful community, and our local influence is almost nil. We are constantly made to feel that we are living here only on sufferance; we are planted in a very hotbed of race-hatred, and we can never be sure when we may be made the victims of its worst manifestations. To be frank, the chief reason why we wish to attach you to ourselves is because we recognize that in time you may become for us a tower of strength and protection. If we interfered for you now we might be only injuring your chances. We have done all for you we could; but for the rest you must trust to your luck."

Rabbi Eisenmann hung his head as he saw his chief pillar of support crumbling to the ground before his eyes. He had not expected this. He had counted much on the co-operation of his co-religionists; as he now summed up the situation he could not help admitting that their plea to be excused was a valid one. So he was once more thrown back on his own resources. The next instant the thought of what he had already achieved, and the deduction he might draw from that for the future, made him stand upright once more.

"Thank you for not encouraging me to false hopes, Herr Friedenthal," he said quietly. "You have done me one great service already by telling me how and where I stand. I therefore ask you to do me another, by permitting me to deal with this matter according to my own judgment."

"Certainly, certainly, Herr Rabbiner."

"No, no, Herr Friedenthal; I want you to understand to what you are agreeing. I may, in the working of my plan, have to adopt certain measures which may appear questionable in a man in my walk of life."

"We trust you, Herr Rabbiner; and, besides, this is clearly a case where the end justifies the means, as our tormentors, the Jesuits, used to say."

"Yes; and having suffered so much by the cruelty of our enemies, I suppose it is only fair we should profit a little by their philosophy," added Jacob Eisenmann grimly.

To be brief, the questionable methods he had hinted at were the gatherings at the "Lame Horse," the fashionable resort of the town. He knew that the only way of gaining access to the hearts of these men in whose hands his fate lay was through their gullets. It was a clumsy form of bribery; but

theirs were clumsy, slow-working brains, and it might pass with them. So he rammed his self-respect into his pocket; and, to make more room for it there, he took out the thalers in handfuls. That was how these "Lame Horse" symposia had become an almost nightly institution, with Eisenmann playing the part of buffoon as well as that of the horn of plenty, himself gulping down as best he could the broad jests and half-veiled unseemlinesses to which he was treated in return, together with the vile fumes of the foul-smelling church-warden pipes. If only there would be some use in it all! If only the end would vindicate the means! Sometimes he thought it would, and then again he thought it would not, until, sick at heart and wearied of brain by the merciless contest between hope and doubt, he resolved to cease hoping and doubting, and to leave the future to be its own prophet.

Samuel Gordon.

Chambers's Journal.

(To be continued.)

WILLIAM MORRIS AND HIS DECORATIVE ART.

It is not until some time after the death of a man who has really moved his generation that the flood of sympathy subsides, and we are able to look steadily at his career, to see with eyes unclouded, and say with words unbiased, what it was he meant to do and did, and how he did it. The vitality of William Morris found vent in so many directions, he did so many and such various things, that even now, six years after his death, the task of summing up his achievement is beyond the scope, if not of any one man, certainly of a short article. What is here proposed is to give evidence on one side of his many-sided activity, to review his work as an artist, to estimate more fairly than has yet been done his influence upon the Victorian revival, and to see for what he counted in rallying the rather crestfallen decorative arts and awakening in the latter portion of the nineteenth century that more general esteem, if not more just appreciation, of Art and Craftsmanship which marks the beginning of the twentieth.

William Morris once defined an artist, and in so doing described himself to the life. "The man is an artist who finds out what sort of work he is fitted for, and who, by dint of will, good luck, and a combination of various causes, manages to be employed upon the work he is fitted for—and when he is so employed upon it, does it conscientiously and with pleasure because he can do it well—that," he said, "is an artist." And that was William Morris—a man who found out betimes the very work he was born to do, and did it with a conscience, with a delight in doing it which contributed in no slight degree to his success and that of the artistic movement of his day. Indeed, it is assumed, by those whose knowledge of the facts does not go back to the time when he came to the front, that it was he who set it afoot. And it is quite true that, though before him there was Ruskin ("my master," he called him) and before Ruskin Pugin, to go no further back, and though there were contributory influences at work which had nothing to do with romance or mediævalism, Morris represents the

movement: of all connected with it he was the man of strongest personality, of sturdiest independence, of highest repute. A form of art which the author of "The Earthly Paradise" thought fit to practise could no longer be ignored. And so, though he was the child of the Gothic Revival, and not the father of it, he put his stamp upon Victorian ornament, and effaced in so doing the fainter impress of an elder generation at whose enthusiasm his own had taken fire. So closely did he follow the mediævalist teaching of his immediate predecessors that at the Exhibition of 1862, where he first faced the public, the jurors called attention to the exactness of his imitation of mediæval work. And to the end he identified himself with the Gothic style, holding it necessary for art to go back, after all these years, to the point where, as he thought, it went astray at the Renaissance. His artistic sympathies were no wider than those of Ruskin before him; he wrapt himself habitually in a cloak of archaism; but, try as he might to walk in step with the past, the stride of the man betrayed a passionate impulse which did not come from archæology.

It was more or less by accident that he first drifted into the production of things decorative. The arts of design were in a bad way when first he set about furnishing a house for himself; and, not finding what he wanted, he proceeded to make it or get it made for him. He was one of those who when they find the world out of joint feel that they individually are born to set it right—and so he went to work to make beautiful things. Others had tried it before him, and failed; he succeeded all along the line.

His versatility, as it is the custom to call it, was really steadfastness of purpose; and his purpose was nothing less than the conquest of the crafts. He took them singly, fought it out with them, and, having mastered one, went on to some new craft to conquer. It was characteristic of the man that the spirit of conquest gave zest to his pursuit of the arts he successively followed. A practice once mastered ceased so much to interest him. That partly accounts for his success in doing many things, and doing them well. It is further accounted for by his idea of well-doing. What he did he did thoroughly and with all his might; but he aimed at the simplest effects, and by the most direct means always. He thought no process worth while but the most straightforward and, as he held it, natural. He never had any mind to solve a complicated problem, except by sweeping it out of his path. He wasted no time in polishing his work, preferring rude strength to delicate finish, and character to refinement. He would carry his work no further than it pleased him; and, as he could afford to drop it as soon as ever it began to tire him, it never lost its spontaneity. It was always a joy to him. "Joyless" was the term by which he would describe whatever was unsympathetic to him personally, for he was by nature incapable of conceiving that anyone had possibly taken pleasure in what to him would have been tedious.

One might almost deduce from the doings of Morris his definition of craftsmanship, "art practised within certain stringent limitations" which the designer ought "primarily" to take into account. And his ideal of workmanship was that of the past, when (as he conceived it) work was done, in a more or less leisurely way, by hand, without aid of machinery, the aim being to do it well and beautifully, not cheaply or quickly: the art of tapestry-weaving was the more to his liking because the process remained "exactly the same as when Penelope wove her web, and she was but practising an ancient art."

His method of attacking a subject

was impulsive to a degree only justified by success. He did not go for help to those who knew, or ought to know all about it; for he believed them more likely to lead him astray than to tell him anything he could not puzzle out for himself. Indeed, he had a wonderful faculty of working out a way of his own, or of discovering for himself what was already very well known to practised workmen. The adventure of experiment lured him on. He was by temperament another Palissy, only more fortunate—and an artist. He began with the comprehensive undertaking of House Decoration. This included furniture, wall-painting, glass-painting, tile-painting and needlework of a coarse kind; and led him to the production of wall-papers. In connection with these his name is widely known—though he regarded them from first to last as makeshifts merely, and preferred textile wall hangings. Accordingly he proceeded in turn to print upon cotton and to weave in silk and wool, eventually dyeing his own yarns. Then he went on to carpet weaving, at first of the commoner kinds—Kidderminster and Brussels—then Wilton, and Axminster, and lastly seamless carpets, in emulation of the Persian. From that to the triumph of Arras Tapestry was a step he could hardly help taking. The last of his accomplishments was the printing of books—though years before he had written out books in manuscript, and illuminated them with his own hand.

For decoration, glass painting and embroidery he made designs at intervals until his death. But in the main his energies were directed to one thing at a time—to wall-papers, cotton prints, woven hangings, carpets, tapestry, typography and book ornaments in succession; and it was only quite occasionally that he made designs for the industries he had, so to speak, outgrown. Their turn was past. Having set them well going, he left them very much to the care of men he had trained; and they carried them on so entirely in his spirit that folk did not realize how little he had in later years actually to do with them.

The art of William Morris was essentially ornamental. All real art, he said, was ornamental. Any idea he may at first have had of launching out into figure drawing he soon abandoned, the more readily, no doubt, in that he could confidently rely upon his friend Burne Jones for the kind of figurework he wanted; even the animals in his designs were often put in by Mr. Philip Webb. His own ornament was strikingly individual, full of fancy and invention, and, though his ideal was beauty, closely related to nature. His idealism was quite healthy, human, natural. Not that he was given to philosophize about art. He did as he felt; and his impulse was towards floral ornament—a sort of gardening in design. He delighted in flowers; their very names attracted him, and he called his patterns after them. He had not the least leaning to or liking for abstract ornament. Beauty of line was not enough for him: it must recall something in nature. He had scant respect for Greek ornament. The nearest he ever went in his own design to ornament pure and simple was to contrast his more flowery ornament with a conventional scroll; but even that was still of a leafy kind. To his mind there was no pleasure to be got out of ornament in which was no memory of meadow or wood or garden. Pattern merely breaking a surface—fulfilling in fact the humble function of a background—had so little attraction for him that it is not to be wondered at that his designs claim sometimes more attention than a wall-paper, for example, has any right to demand. The truth is, even in his pattern he was poet first and decorator afterwards. He

was largely responsible for the re-introduction into modern ornament of natural forms, which Owen Jones and the reformers before him had been at pains to suppress; but he was too good a craftsman not to treat natural form after the manner of wall-decoration, weaving, printing, or whatever might be the thing he was designing. He did not ask so much that ornament should be like nature as that it should lead one's thought out of doors.

Himself he kept rather closely within the garden walls, training his pet old-fashioned flowers lovingly in the way of ornament. His first, and simplest, device was to dot them about diaperwise, like daisies among the grass. Then he would contrive fuller patterns, as it might be a thick hedge of foliage, with some flowering plant trailing orderly over it; or a close tangle of flowers, reminding one of a full border where the gardener has not been allowed to have it all his own way. He liked also to mingle two or three kinds of growth, or to intertwine two contrasting types of plant. Sometimes he would subdue the one of these to an undertone, an accompaniment only to the song; sometimes he would conceive the pattern more as a duet in which each voice in turn took up the air. He would enliven a pattern with birds among the boughs; and even in his carpets, following the dangerous Persian precedent, he delighted to introduce all manner of animal life.

A habit of his, and one which rather grew upon him, was to contrast with distinctly natural flower growth (as a foil to its broken foliage) broad masses of scrollwork of a conventional type familiar in that form of late Gothic art which was just beginning to be touched with the influence of the coming Renaissance. It was a characteristic trait in him, by the way, to ascribe to a lingering Gothic spirit in it whatever of Renaissance design he could not but admire. The Renaissance being to him wholly evil, and this being undeniably good, it followed that it must be Gothic.

There was seldom anything very arbitrary about the growth of his quasi natural forms; it was not often that he compelled, for example, the stems of his ornamental flowers to take absolutely formal lines, though in his silks and other woven fabrics he occasionally reduced nature to pattern so severe as to indicate direct Byzantine influence. In any case he uniformly subjected natural form to some sort of ornamental treatment, tender as that treatment might be. Nature was always his starting point. His treatment of Nature was influenced at first by Gothic and later more by Persian precedent; and yet from first to last the design and detail of his ornament were, in the result, his own. It is matter of surprise, when you come to unravel his design, to find how few are the constructive elements out of which he built up its manifold variety: for types of form he had the whole flower garden to choose from, and a delight in it which never forsook him. He tried to get always in surface design "a look of satisfying mystery"; but he went the simplest way about it, constructing his pattern upon the most obvious lines, and taking no pains to disguise them. He disdained, for example, the expedient of making a pattern repeat upon any but the simplest and most elementary lines, and never went out of his way to invent cunning or ingenious plots; rather he trusted to the incident in his pattern, and the way it fitted in (which it always did), to give it interest. He was fond of waving stem-lines, reversed, or interlaced, at times taking a diagonal direction, not seldom crossed by bands of flowers giving horizontal stripes; and his liking for horizontal lines was none the less that the use of the weaver's shuttle

suggested them: they gave, as he knew, repose. He confessed that in designing a flat wall covering one might be driven to mask the construction of one's pattern; but he never was at the pains to do much in that way himself: he was not the kind of man who is easily driven. The mechanism of his pattern design was, as far as it went, perfect, though he felt (and acknowledged) the "embarrassment," as he called it, of designing within the restrictions imposed by a machine of any kind. That may have had something to do with his pronounced preference for hand-work. Vigorous and outspoken opponent as he was of machinery, he was himself unable, with all his advantages, to dispense with it entirely.

Whatever he designed was apt to be full of detail; he would cover the entire surface of the thing decorated with ornament—for which he had both Gothic and Persian precedent. Every inch of a piece of tapestry, he maintained, should be interesting, apart from the effect of the whole; and his design generally tends in the direction of evenly distributed interest. Again with color, he liked it rich, and plenty of it; but he would have it only pure, bright, fresh, "frank,"—the color of flowers, of the blue sky, "the holiday color," and of the green grass, "the workaday color," as he phrased it. The low tones attributed to him, dull greens and what he described as "cockroach color," he detested. He indulged sometimes in colors stronger and brighter than more subtle colorists affect, but never in muddy or dirty tints.

Beautiful color he held to be in particular a condition of stained glass, the business of the artist being to stain and not befoul the light shining through,—though the introduction of figures by Burne Jones (who, by the way, was answerable only for their design and drawing, Morris himself scheming the color of the windows) led to the employment of more paint upon the glass than is consistent with the preservation of all the pure brilliancy of pot-metal; and, as it happens, the paint he did employ has not always stood the weather, owing to its being insufficiently fused to the glass. He produced some of the most beautiful of modern windows; but his mastery over the technique of glass-painting, involving as it does some sort of scientific procedure as well as patience, was not so complete as that which he acquired over other processes of work—wall-paper printing for example. In connection with this last he revived and developed a system employed by the old block printers of graduating color by means of dots, admirably adapted to block work, whether upon paper or calico, and giving a broken texture most helpful to poor materials such as these. The difference he made in designing for one or the other of these two printing processes was mainly in the matter of color, upon which he held pronounced opinions. To the last he protested that modern chemistry had done only harm to the art of dyeing; for he judged "chemical dyes," as he persisted in calling them, by the first crude efforts in aniline dyeing—an invention which he described as "an honor to chemistry, a service to capitalists, but a terrible injury to the art of dyeing." His prejudice on that point firmly established, he took no heed of subsequent discoveries in alizarine dyes, and was himself an obstacle in the way of the artistic development of artificial dye stuffs, which has come about in spite of him. What he himself did was successfully to revive the use of vegetable dyes, some of which had fallen out of use. His influence upon modern dyeing (as upon manufacture generally) would have been greater if the turn of his mind had been less retrograde. In cotton-

printing the "frankness" of his color was now and then a little in excess (he seems to have allowed for fading); in silk weaving it was always subdued to harmony. Nothing could be simpler than the designs of his patterns for woven fabrics, which were based somewhat on the lines of old Sicilian stuffs. These appealed to him from every side —by reason of the invention and meaning in them, the ingenuity of their structure, and the broad, flat surface of their texture: there was nothing he so much disliked as the "meaningless tormenting of the web" indulged in by the Lyons weavers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The special qualities he sought in woven pattern were breadth and boldness, ingenuity and closeness of invention, clear and definite detail.

The coarse weave of a carpet implied to him correspondingly elementary design. He sought there no gradation of color, but confined himself to the harmonious juxtaposition of flat tints bounded by outlines, the color of which he chose with great discretion. In this art the old Persian weavers were his models; and, such was his admiration for their work that, but for the deterioration of modern manufacture, he would hardly have thought it becoming in a European to enter into rivalry with Oriental work, especially in the matter of color—which in a carpet should be nothing less than exquisite, he said. At the same time he thought it necessary also to get into the design all the form and meaning that he could.

If in a carpet he thought it necessary "to raise design into the region of fancy and imagination," still more was it so in tapestry, "of all kinds of wall decoration the most durable except mosaic, and the most desirable next to painting"; and here, once more, he sought the aid of his friend Burne Jones, himself, however, scheming the color and designing the floral and ornamental details with which it was crowded—until he had trained a pupil to do it very much in his manner. This was an art which he was not precisely the first to revive (for there were tapestry works established earlier under Royal patronage at Windsor), but he alone was able to keep his looms busy to the time of his death. At the Paris Exhibition of 1900 his English Arras more than held its own against the French—partly owing to the superiority of the design, partly to his much juster appreciation of the capabilities and limitations of tapestry weaving. He worked solely upon the upright warp, and had nothing but contempt for work done on the horizontal warp.

Needlework seemed to him to give more scope than even tapestry, especially in the direction of ornament, so sensitive did he find the needle to the least change of the worker's intention. His theory was that embroidery should achieve something which could not be so well done in any other way; and he made it a test of the needlewoman's comprehension of her art that she should take her stand upon the ground which a weaver's means did not allow him to cover. He took the boasted merits of machine work as a challenge to the embroidery to show what could be done by hand and only by hand. He aimed in embroidery at perfect gradation of color, perfect correspondence between the flow of the design and the direction of the stitch, and perfect preservation of the lustre of the silk. Some of his designs were for laid-work, "long tresses of silk" sewn down upon the surface of linen or canvas; but the stitch he preferred was a kind of darning upon a coarse ground, all but hidden by the silk, though threads enough of it showed through the stitching to qualify and slightly gray the color. He insisted always upon the preciousness of embroidery, nothing short of consummate

workmanship contenting him; and he found in his wife, her sister and his daughter, gifted apparently with a patience which was not his, sympathetic and most capable exponents of his design.

Morris's penmanship has interest as going before his adventure into printing; and in the illuminations with which he enriched his manuscripts will be found many a "motif" which he afterwards carried farther in wall-paper or other patterns. It is rather surprising to find so impulsive and impatient a man excelling as he did in careful caligraphy. His most beautifully executed manuscripts appear to have been written in 1870, 1871, 1872; the most minute of them, the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, was finished on the 16th of October, 1872. They were given to his friends, and are of course not so well known as his published work. His illuminated ornament differs markedly from the Mediæval in that it is not drawn with a hard or precise outline; and that he used, in place of primary colors, delicate tints, among which green predominates. Nor does the design of it show as a rule much influence of the Gothic work of which he thought so highly.

In the matter of typography and printing Morris did less in reforming them than in showing how great was the need of reformation. In comparison with his robust founts, Gothic or Roman, the weakness of thin modern type is most apparent; but his own type was itself too heavy to be accepted as a model, and his page too black. In protest against the gaps of white which too often disfigure the modern page, he so closed up his words and paragraphs as to make the print more solid than taste itself requires, whilst he sacrificed at the same time something of legibility. Curiously enough, his Gothic type, founded upon Schaeffer's Bible of 1462, "the ne plus ultra of Gothic type," is almost more readable than his Roman. Small type he disliked. He reverted to the treatment of the double page as one composition, so placing the type upon it as to leave ample margin at the base of the page, less at the outer edges, less still at the top, and least of all on the inner edge. He designed for his books some noble title pages and many beautiful borders and interesting initials, all, however, drawn on a larger scale and with a heavier hand than quite suit the pages of a modern book. He did not himself respect the fair white margin upon which he laid such stress, but allowed his ornament to encroach upon it, and even to stray over it in a fashion more appropriate to a penman's after-decoration of a page already printed than to pre-determined printer's work. Altogether the luxury of ornament with which he crowded his page (he was at his most restrained an exuberant decorator) is in excess of what we want; but the ornament itself is full of vigor, fancy and ingenuity, admirably characteristic of the man, and proof sufficient that he died in the fulness of his powers. In his printing, more than in his more purely decorative work, he lies under the pronounced disadvantage of not being in touch with his practical and utilitarian generation. His books attract the artist but do not invite the reader. Nevertheless, when all is said, he produced some splendid volumes, and gave a strong impulse to the awakened interest in modern type, in the printed page, and in the decoration of the book.

He wrote little upon art except in the form of lectures. His outspoken words were really spoken, or written to be spoken—for which reason, perhaps, they are different in style from his narrative writings. He indulges here in no mediæval phraseology, but talks plainly and tersely about the things he knows or cares for—not so

much about the theory of art (to which he attached little importance) as on practical points in connection with the crafts, or on the relation of art to daily life, from which he cannot dissociate it. Art, as he understood it, was not a luxury for the few, but a necessity for all. His ideal was "art for the people by the people"; and to bring that about, the first thing, he maintained, was to make the life of the artist (and every handicraftsman was an artist) well worth living. In fact the welfare of the lesser arts involved, to his thinking, the question of the content and self-respect of the craftsman; and so, if only that men might have leisure to encourage in them the love of art, he desired to better the condition of their lives. As to the means he proposed to this end there is ample room for dispute—as to the nobility of his aim there is none.

It comes to pass out of his very convictions that his lectures on art deal with social conditions, and his political lectures with art. In the main, however, the first volume of his published lectures, "Hopes and Fears for Art" (1881) is devoted to art, the second, "Signs of Change" (1888) to politics. The third volume, only quite lately published, gathers together lectures not printed in his lifetime; but these still remain, some buried in newspaper reports. Before these lectures he had published in 1877 a manifesto of the "Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings." He was the founder of that Society and supported it with energy to the last. There was no more inveterate opponent of that kind of tampering with the authenticity of ancient monuments of art which goes by the name of "restoration."

Morris was a decorator of marked originality, master of many crafts; but it was as an ornamentist that he ranked highest and made his indelible mark upon Victorian art. His influence upon English design was for a time extraordinary, and must always count for something considerable in the work of the nineteenth century. Upon manufacture his influence was only indirect. He was too much the enemy of modern industry to hold out a helping hand to those engaged in it; and his art was largely a protest against its ways. But his protest was of some avail. He showed that art did not spell failure to the producer, and he contributed greatly to the demand for beautiful things to which commerce itself no longer turns quite a deaf ear. He was an ornamentist of remarkable originality, without dispute the foremost and most active decorative designer of his day, from head to foot an artist—but something more than that,—a powerful personality, a man of deep conviction and of noble impulse, of absolute sincerity, of frank and fearless speech, a man of character in short. His fame as a poet helped him to the artistic position which, well as he deserved it, he would not as a mere decorator so immediately have achieved; and, in turn, he helped to raise the status of the decorator. The active part he took in Socialism, while it aroused the animosity of a large section of the public, made him the idol of a small circle of followers more or less engaged in art or craftsmanship; but it cannot be said that he founded a school of design (or ever wished to do so), though he undoubtedly inspired a following of artists who owed so much to his initiative that, left to themselves, they were reduced to helplessness—so many satellites without a sun. That is the price we pay for masterful genius; and yet he leaves us very much his debtor. No one of his contemporaries could fail to be the better for contact with so vigorous and invigorating a character; and even the younger generation which knew him not, and thinks itself perhaps untouched by word or work of his, owes much to the influence of the deceased master. Long may it last!

Lewis F. Day.

THE PUNISHMENT OF CHILDREN.

To a world so easily thrilled and shocked as the present one, the word "punishment" is not lightly to be spoken. A man who is knocked down at night in St. James's Square by a gang of roughs, who rob him of his possessions, and add a little kicking *de gaieté de cœur*, must not invite society to avenge him, but must get up and devise sweet and kindly measures for providing his uninstructed but well-intentioned assailants with more educated amusement. The man or woman who has to bring up half-a-dozen children may take his or her choice among a score of new methods of training. But punishment is taboo. Long moral lectures, full of well-balanced argument, interspersed with an occasional intimation that the lecturer has been deeply grieved and hurt, are, if I understand the advice tendered to the managers of modern nurseries, to take the place of old-fashioned punishments. Before even these mild correctives are administered, a doctor must be called in to see if the fault is due to some defect in health; and, generally speaking, the business of correcting thumb-sucking, nail-biting, small tempers, or the vagaries of some seven-year-old lady who proposes to change the order of her lessons because "her arithmetic brain goes dead on Wednesday," will occupy the entire time and attention of one medical specialist, one ethical lecturer, two parents, and a nurse, who must all be possessed of a considerable share of patience. And so must the child.

I have wondered sometimes how far this teaching is a result and how far a cause of the nervous, fractious, unquiet state of mind which prevails to-day, and to which its doctrines are so admirably adapted. These moral lectures, inculcated by so many American and English writers, are admirable when they are delivered in church by a trained and detached lecturer; in ninety-nine other cases out of a hundred they are fretful scoldings with a grand name. The grand name does not at all impress the child, who for many generations has called them "sermons," "pi-jaws," "raggings," and so on, and loathes them no less, and listens to them no more, under their new title. Now, as always, the child wants a command, with a calm assumption that he will obey it, and a short emphatic reprimand or a smacking if he doesn't. Brevity is the soul of punishment. There are a few logical, reasonable little souls in the world who prefer to know the meaning of orders, but I fancy the majority of small folk are admirably represented by two ladies of ten and twelve who once honored me with a long visit, and with whom I attempted an occasional dose of reason. The autumn morning was cold and paddling was in question:—

"No, it's too cold to paddle to-day."

"Oh, but we're not a bit cold; mayn't we paddle?"

"You said the water was cold yesterday, and it will be much colder to-day. Besides, it's beginning to rain."

"Oh, we were only funning yesterday; and indeed there was only one teeny weeny spot of rain. Mayn't we go and paddle now?"

"Look here, Beatrice, do you remember last week when you both had colds, and had to stay in bed for breakfast, and cried and said it was hateful?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, paddling about in icy cold water, catching crabs, would give you another cold exactly like that, and you

would have to stay indoors; and even if it got quite hot again for two or three days you wouldn't be able to paddle. Surely there is no sense in risking all that, just in order to go into the sea this morning, when you wouldn't enjoy it a bit because it is too cold, and no other children would be there for you to play with. Surely you must see the sense of that?"

"Oh, yes . . . and now may we go and paddle?"

It has struck me sometimes, too, that the people who are really able to generalize about children (so far as such a thing is possible, which is not very far) must be extremely few—fewer than the authors of books about their management. The ordinary parent knows only his own children intimately; the casual friend of numerous families knows the small folks chiefly in their party frocks, the schoolmaster and schoolmistress in many cases only know the "lessons" side of their charges' characters. Extraordinary revelations can, and sometimes do, come to such persons about a child whom they think they know quite intimately. The polite, graceful little guest of an afternoon has party manners to match her party frock, and it is only when she comes to spend a month with you that she brings the other frocks and the other manners. You have heard that she can be very naughty; you know from experience that she can be very good; but you suspect that she is not always "on the mountains"—if I may adopt an expressive phrase from the Salvation Army vocabulary. I listened once to an interview between a small day-scholar who had just returned from school, and her mother:—

"Have you been very good to-day, chick?"

"N—no" (hesitatingly).

"Oh, fie! You were naughty?"

"N—n—no."

"What then, dearest?"

"Well . . . comfortable."

The question which will concern your daily life most, if this lady comes to stay with you, is what she means precisely by that word "comfortable." It is all the minor evil deeds which she will perpetrate during the "comfortable" periods which will puzzle you. Scoldings and moral lessons will avail very little; they will be received either with polite silence and resignation, or with the stern rebuke once administered by a seven-year-old gentleman whose morning ride had to be delayed by a lecture on the impropriety of keeping dead crabs in all his trouser pockets: "They were alive when I put them in. You are wasting a gweat deal of my pwecious time."

In dealing with very small children there is one fact no less inconvenient than certain; it is impossible to be sure what they are really thinking. You give a country boy two shillings to come home from some provincial theatre in a cab if it is raining; it rains heavily, he engages a cab, and comes home on the box because he wants to drive. A child appears with her fringe cut off, and asserts vehemently that it was all an accident. "I was bending over the fire, and snipping with the scissors; and then quite suddenly I saw the hateful fringe go up the chimney." A small lady demands "a bigger doll than Patty's," and is given one, on the understanding that she shall not go and triumph over Patty with an assertion that her doll is biggest; but presently Patty is found in a high state of indignation, while the other lady stands by protesting eagerly: "I didn't say mine was the biggest; I truthfully didn't; I only came to Patty and said, 'Let's measure dolls.'"

How much of all that is wilful and deliberate—*i.e.*, punishable naughtiness? These are trivial types of far more serious problems—which are not

all, by the way, confined to sinners of this age. I remember once having a little sick person of fourteen to stay with me, with whom some small surgical matter went wrong; producing rather serious results because she kept silence about it, in spite of a previous promise to tell at once about such accidents. She protested resolutely that she "hadn't wanted to worry me, and didn't think it would matter"; but probably the poor babe was afraid of what the doctor would do, and was now telling stories, and had in any case broken a promise with most serious consequences. Was it a case for punishment? It is ridiculous to assume that children are always telling the truth; it is criminal to assume that they are frequently telling stories, and the person who boasts about any child on earth, as a schoolboy of my acquaintance once boasted about his master, that he "knew his mind as well as if he had been down there with a candle," is talking utter nonsense. The funny little brain works in a fashion of its own. We ourselves introduce with one hand the confusion which we try to smooth away with the other. How on earth, for instance, can a child of to-day understand the meaning of politeness? What can its idea be of good manners when in one sentence we inculcate some old-fashioned piece of good behaviour, and in the next nine sentences narrate to a bystander as a good joke some shocking piece of rudeness of our own? A little person was once scolded for rudeness because, a recently-departed visitor having stroked her hair for ten minutes, till the ribbon had come off, and a curl was in her eye, and nursery tea was waiting, she had at last lifted up her voice and announced very softly and politely: "I should *like* to go away." The woman who was scolding her had just been narrating how she had at last driven away a thick-headed and fatiguing visitor by sheer open insults. I think most children have sufficiently pretty manners to know instinctively that they had better not do a third of the things which they see their elders doing; but in this matter of manners, modern grown-ups have disqualified themselves for the position of teachers. If there is a business in life where an ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory, it is in the social education of youth.

If one can imagine the case of a person who has really grasped the precise extent of a child's fault, and has so avoided that most fatal and irremediable of all faults, unjust punishment, one sees this person confronted next by an extremely difficult question:—What punishments are possible for this fault? Nowadays every form of punishment which affects the health of the small sinner has been put aside; and quite right, too. The deprivation of food and fresh air, the boxing of ears, the terrors of dark rooms, and a score of other similar tortures—which seem, by the way, to have done remarkably little harm to our ancestors—have been denounced and expelled from the *régime* of the nursery. Furthermore, every little novelty in this line, harmful or harmless, seems fated to be connected with some sensational case of cruelty, and to be swept away into the limbo of the impossible by an outbreak of idiotic, indiscriminating popular fury. If a woman intends to be cruel to her child, everything that she does bears the taint of malice and cruelty, and ought to be denounced accordingly. But unfortunately popular indignation (which is mostly a fine name for the reckless raving of autumn newspapers whose readers will have no more of the sea-serpent) fastens on any such strange-sounding penalties, in the case of a man or woman whose treatment of their children brings them into the grip of the law, and makes it absolute-

ly impossible for any parent to adopt the new penalties, however effective and proper. I have no desire to discuss any recent legal cases, but two or three of the hysterically-denounced "tortures" which I read of in them struck me as highly original and harmless punishments, which would be worth remembering and recommending if their use had not been rendered practically impossible by popular hysteria. The fact is that when you have put whipping aside, effective punishment can hardly be said to exist; the guardian is helpless before a resolute and reckless child of twelve or thirteen, and the child very soon knows it. To send a person of this sort to bed, and pull down the blinds and lock the door, may be a dire penalty for a heinous crime—if your moral authority happens to be sufficient to keep the person in bed. Otherwise the culprit gets up, dresses and gets out of the window if he is a boy, or makes up stories to herself and plays original games with the pillow and bolster for playmates if it is a girl. This is to assume—quite gratuitously—that the child does not like lying in bed with nothing to do except dream. Again, punishment by deprivation of certain pleasures such as parties, coming in to dessert in the evening, hockey matches, pocket money, etc., implies, first, the existence of these pleasures, which in a quiet country house is not always certain, and, secondly, which is much less certain, that the child has weighed its treats and its naughtiness in the balance, and deliberately preferred the treats. A young person of my acquaintance was fined twopence every morning by her governess for being late for breakfast; but, unluckily, she had soberly considered the question whether a quarter of an hour extra in bed was worth twopence, and had decided that it was. The absence of sugar in tea has a faint, pleasing aroma of fashion about it which makes up for its nastiness; and, so long as you cannot force a small person to eat dry bread, its appearance on her plate is a punishment which simply means that she does not have sufficient food. These time-honored penalties are admirable so long as the sinner feels the disgrace attached to them; if he does not mind that, you have merely made yourself ridiculous, and might as well resort at once to my method when I am in charge of a child who cannot be persuaded or threatened into some necessary action or abstinence. I simply offer a shilling; and make it two if necessary. I fancy that a good many experiments in the management of children, made by persons without authority to take extreme measures, have ended in similar fashion.

Sentencing and executing criminals outside the nursery must be an extremely easy matter to a person who has ever tried it inside. The prisoners who are removed protesting angrily that they are innocent, that they are always being punished unjustly, and that this is the most flagrantly unjust sentence of which even you have ever been guilty, are repeating words with a very familiar ring about them, but which have moved you more when the court of justice was being held in the nursery. Again, in the case of the outside prisoners, you have no uneasy feeling that your own carelessness and spoiling have helped to produce the disaster; whereas, if you laugh delightedly at your son for saying that Guy Fawkes bought a lot of gunpowder on the 5th of November, and tried to blow up the parlormaid, or at your daughter for sending a present of ten shillings to her grandmother "to buy some gloves with, because I can't think of your size," and they both repeat the joke, till laughter is followed by scolding and punishment, you feel miserably responsible. But, above all, these

prisoners whom you sentence to twelve months' hard labor cannot punish you ten times more than you can punish them. They cannot move about your path for dull days afterwards, murmuring with ostentatiously ready obedience: "Yes, if you want to"; "Of course, if you choose"; to all propositions of work or amusement; nor say good-night and good-morning with the minutest possible kiss which small round lips can give; nor tell you in deeply hurt martyr voices, when you visit them in bed, that they "want nothing more, thank you."

Perhaps women folk are less easily to be "got at" by these affecting ways than the other sex; indeed, I am told that they are reserved for fathers, uncles and male hosts. Yet I should doubt whether the martyr's mother is altogether impervious to such arts, which alone can put to rout all mathematical precision in the management of the nursery and the schoolroom. In home life, I am inclined to repeat, the thorough-paced rebel cannot really be dealt with by any practicable punishment. He or she starts the fight with (if I may be permitted another verbal lapse, this time into the picturesque parlance of Newmarket) odds of a hundred to one on him, and wins in a canter. Violent, continual, corporal punishment is an absolute impossibility as regards one's own children; and other punishments are either farcical, or liable to produce unpleasant comments among servants and neighbors. This new interference of public opinion with the relations of parents and children has done so much good since Mr. Waugh created and fostered it, that the world must be content to pay a certain price for it. When you let loose public feeling into a new channel, you have released a great flood of common sense, Christian charity, hysteria, prompt sound action, and garrulous idiotic chatter. Is it worth the price? I say yes, but I can conceive the possibility of another answer.

The influence of corporate life is so great and immediate that schoolmasters and mistresses are well accustomed, first, to hearing about the difficult character of some new pupil, and the desperate measures which they will be obliged to take with him, and then to seeing him subside at once into the ordinary school life with no more incursions into sin than any healthy-minded child ought to make. Presumably, from the complaints which one used to hear some years ago, this corporate sense was strong only in boys' schools; but all that appears to have changed. The youth of small girls is for many reasons more difficult to deal with than that of their brothers; but, on the other hand, girls' schools are founded and superintended nowadays by women with very high qualifications for their work, so that the education and *morale* of their establishments is quite equal to that of first-class boys' schools and colleges, and the corporate sense can be trusted to do equally good work in both cases. A few rules with inevitable penalties for breaking them; a careful study of each child's character for at least a term, and no serious penalties until the study is complete; non-intervention so long as the child's companions can deal with the case, and absolute accuracy and justice when intervention becomes necesary; that is the modest receipt for making a good school, given to me by the headmistress of one of the best schools with which I am acquainted. A well-balanced sense among the pupils that they are trusted almost absolutely, but that here, as in the world outside, retribution for wrong-doing is almost inevitable, takes from punishment all that notion of personal revenge which is the cause of half the rebellion against it. Yet boys' schools have still one immense advantage over the others; they

have one punishment left in them to which the most reckless inmate really objects. That power possessed by a schoolmaster, with the full approval of popular opinion inside the school and out, to apply the birch to soft and safe places in his pupil's anatomy, is an advantage in his favor which it is hardly possible to exaggerate. No boy engaged in some piece of wickedness could sit down for a minute without an uncomfortable recollection that he may have to pay a short, sharp, but exquisitely painful price for it. There was a little maid once who had been punished for some wrong-doing by a long and highly complicated process, including a prolonged lecture, various periods of silence, and some extra bedtime; and who, being reproached afterwards by her brother for brooding over her wrongs, answered wearily: "I can't help thinking; I can't make my mind sit down." Her brother, who had not quite caught the point of the remark, said to me afterwards: "Very often I can't sit down either after Mr. B—— has punished me, but I'm hanged if I sulk as long as Betty does." He was quite right. With a few exceptions, men, children, and horses sulk under punishment in proportion to its duration. On the other hand, I have had my moments of sympathy with Betty's mother. Betty required a good deal of correction, and punishment becomes difficult in proportion to its necessity. When you have eliminated corporal punishment from your weapons, you have kept nothing for the final conflict, and have allowed any resolute opponent to see that his ultimate victory is a foregone conclusion.

The conclusion of the whole matter is, I suppose, that punishment is only a valuable part of the education of children when wielded by a perfectly just guardian who is prepared to go all lengths in using it. If the child's naughtiness has no limits, and your punishments have, a small sinner will realize this fact quite as soon as the judge; and, having reached your limits, will proceed to enjoy himself. There will always indeed rest a certain doubt as to the power of the Deity to "go one better." "If God wanted me to be good, and I wouldn't be good, which would win?" is an eternal nursery problem. But the earthly guardian's retribution will soon become contemptible. It counts for little enough, I suppose, in any case. Love and patience are the last secret of child management, the innermost writing in the innermost adytum of nursery life;—love, which can force a response at last from the chilliest little soul; humble patience which knows how to wait for the harvest.

Edward H. Cooper.

The Fortnightly Review.

LORD KELVIN ON SCIENCE AND THEISM.

The recent speech of Lord Kelvin, as reported in the daily newspapers, upon the subject of "the creating and directing Power which science compels us to accept as an article of belief," seemed so important and interesting as coming from such a man, that, having the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, I wrote to ask him for an authentic and authoritative version of it from his own hand which might be placed upon record in these pages.

I received the following answer to my request:

15 Eaton Place, London, S. W.:
May 5th, 1903.

Dear Mr. Knowles,—I am glad you

think that the little I said in University College last week may be useful. According to your wish, I now send you, enclosed, a report from the *Times* altered to the first person and a little amplified by inclusion of the substance of my letter which appeared in the *Times* last Monday.

Yours very truly,
Kelvin.

With reference to Professor Henslow's mention of ether-granules, I ask permission to say three words of personal explanation. I had recently, at a meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, occasion to make use of the expressions ether, atoms, electricity, and I was horrified to read in the Press that I had put forward a hypothesis of ether-atoms. Ether is absolutely non-atomic; it is structureless, and utterly homegeneous where not disturbed by the atoms of ponderable matter.

I am in thorough sympathy with Professor Henslow in the fundamentals of his lecture; but I cannot admit that, with regard to the origin of life, science neither affirms nor denies Creative Power. Science positively affirms Creative Power. It is not in dead matter that we live and move and have our being, but in the creating and directing Power which science compels us to accept as an article of belief. We cannot escape from that conclusion when we study the physics and dynamics of living and dead matter all around. Modern biologists are coming, I believe, once more to a firm acceptance of something beyond mere gravitational, chemical, and physical forces; and that unknown thing is a vital principle. We have an unknown object put before us in science. In thinking of that object we are all agnostics. We only know God in His Works, but we are absolutely forced by science to believe with perfect confidence in a Directive Power,—in an influence other than physical, or dynamical, or electrical forces. Cicero (by some supposed to have been editor of Lucretius) denied that men and plants and animals could come into existence by a fortuitous concourse of atoms. There is nothing between absolute scientific belief in a Creative Power, and the acceptance of the theory of a fortuitous concourse of atoms. Just think of a number of atoms falling together of their own accord and making a crystal, a sprig of moss, a microbe, a living animal. Cicero's expression "fortuitous concourse of atoms" is certainly not wholly inappropriate for the growth of a crystal. But modern scientific men are in agreement with him in condemning it as utterly absurd in respect to the coming into existence, or the growth, or the continuation of the molecular combinations presented in the bodies of living things. Here scientific thought is compelled to accept the idea of Creative Power. Forty years ago I asked Liebig, walking somewhere in the country, if he believed that the grass and flowers that we saw around us grew by mere chemical forces. He answered, "No, no more than I could believe that a book of botany describing them could grow by mere chemical forces." Every action of free will is a miracle to physical and chemical and mathematical science.

I admire the healthy breezy atmosphere of free thought throughout Professor Henslow's lecture. Do not be afraid of being free thinkers! If you think strongly enough you will be forced by science to the belief in God, which is the foundation of all religion. You will find science not antagonistic but helpful to religion.

In conclusion, I have the pleasure to move a hearty vote of thanks to Professor Henslow for the interesting and instructive lecture which we have heard.

Lord Kelvin's deliverance recalls to

my mind the frequent discussions on the subject of Theism at the meetings of the Metaphysical Society, which I attended (as its founder and secretary) for so many years. The acutest minds of our generation debated there, over and over again, the great questions which are beyond the reach of demonstrable proof, and contributed to the common stock their "guesses at truth" with entire and confidential freedom. The agnosticism of Huxley, the materialism of Tyndall, the atheism of W. K. Clifford, the scepticism of Fitzjames Stephen, the "positivism" of Frederic Harrison, were opposed by the faith of Cardinal Manning, Father Dalgairns, Dr. Ward, Bishop Thirlwall, Bishop Magee, Archbishop Thompson, Mark Pattison, F. D. Maurice, Ruskin, Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll, Dr. Martineau (whom Tennyson held to be "the greatest among us"), and many others.

Lord Tennyson himself—who sat so loose to the ordinarily accepted forms of Christianity—formulated in those days his own personal creed, and I reproduce it here in order to set the belief of a King of Poetry alongside that of a "Prince of Science." It has been already published in this Review,[1] and runs thus:

"There's a something that watches over us; and our individuality endures: that's my faith, and that's all my faith."

To cardinals and archbishops Tennyson's creed seemed sadly insufficient; but Martineau said of it, ***"Yes! God and immortality—a sufficient basis for religion;"*** and Ward (that "most generous of all Ultramontanes") used to declare, ***"In these days one must be thankful for a Theist."***

James Knowles, Editor.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

SCIENCE AND CREATIVE PURPOSE.

The quarrels of specialists, as a rule, arouse no profound interest in the minds of that large section of mankind which is represented by "the person of average intelligence." The contempt felt by the dogmatic specialist for this humble person is, perhaps, balanced by the pity that intelligent culture feels for the specialist whose mental eye is bound for ever to the microscope of his peculiar work. The two classes leave each other severely alone. They are, indeed, separated by a great gulf that prevents all interchange of ideas. The specialist class does not, however, repose with ease in Darwin's bosom. It is a class divided into numerous castes, each of which regards the rest with suspicion and distrust. Each is ready on any sign of interference with its dogmas to project the intruder across the great gulf into the benighted region of "average intelligence." These little ebullitions of human nature arouse, for the most part, but small interest in that region. When, however, questions relating to medicine or theology arise, the battle is closely followed and discussed.

The interest of the world at large was therefore aroused when on May 2nd Lord Kelvin pointed out to the Christian Association at University College how absurd it was to suppose that "a crystal, a sprig of moss, a microbe, a living animal," could be made by "a number of atoms falling together of their own accord." This statement Lord Kelvin subsequently modified in

[1] See "Nineteenth Century," January 1893.

a letter to the *Times* of May 6th, where he pointed out that "a fortuitous concourse of atoms" is not an inappropriate description of the formation of a crystal, but that the phrase "is utterly absurd in respect to the coming into existence, or the growth or the continuation of the molecular combinations presented in the bodies of living things. Here scientific thought is compelled to accept the idea of Creative Power." In these two utterances Lord Kelvin broke through the unwritten laws of the specialist castes, and was hurled across the gulf into the land of "average intelligence." Indeed, even the protection of the laws of that land was denied him, and he was invited to explain his utterance, and to try to understand how necessary it is to prevent an unnatural marriage between the tender, youthful maiden Modern Science, and a person of such advanced years and doubtful character as Religion. Such a marriage, he was told, would ruin the hopes and efforts of all our time. Theories of Darwin would be extinguished, the mechanism of the evolution of things would become incomprehensible once more, the principle of the conservation of energy would be played with, the fallacies that modern science has disposed of would rear their monstrous heads, false gods would arise again, and the specialist would disappear.

Lord Kelvin has wisely left all criticism unanswered. To the unprejudiced mind his position appears impregnable, and to reply to criticism beside the mark is merely to darken counsel. The attempt to trip up the great physicist over the use of the time-honored phrase "a fortuitous concourse of atoms" with respect to the formation of crystals was merely an attempt to confuse the issue in the minds of the public. Again, Lord Kelvin in asserting that "modern biologists are coming once more to a firm acceptance of something, and that was a vital principle," never suggested the exploded doctrine which declared that the operations of life are controlled by special laws other than the laws of the inorganic world. To conceive of the existence of a vital principle need in no sense infringe the law of the conservation of energy if such principle is not introduced from without. It is the mechanical conception of God that some scientists are pleased to import into religion which creates the difficulty. Of course if a scientist premises that the God of the universe as conceived by religion is a God who "sitteth above the waterflood" in a physical sense, who, in fact, exists outside of, and entirely apart from, the physical universe, then one may feel sorry for the scientist, but not, perhaps, surprised at conclusions logically evolved from his own limited and erroneous rendering of religious and philosophical ideas. He has still to learn that Revelation asserts the Kingdom of God to be within the universe, and to be neither external nor intermittent in its operations.

The real issue is Lord Kelvin's declaration that science positively asserts Creative Power, that there is no middle path between a scientific belief in Creative Power and the acceptance of the theory of "a fortuitous concourse of atoms," and that science has a knowledge of a spiritual influence in the universe. Now this assertion cannot be satisfactorily met by a flat contradiction. It is not sufficient, for instance, for Professor Ray Lankester to say:—

> It appears to me that science proceeds on its path without any contact with religion, and that religion has not, in its essential qualities, anything to hope for, or to fear from, science. . . . No sane man has ever pretended, since science became a separate body of doctrine, that we know or ever can hope to know or conceive of the possibility

of knowing, whence this mechanism [the whole order of Nature, including living and lifeless matter] has come, why it is there, whither it is going, and what there may or may not be beyond and beside it which our senses are incapable of appreciating. These things are not "explained" by science, and never can be.

The answer to this lies first in an adequate definition of religion, and then in the application of tests to see whether the essential elements of that definition are susceptible of scientific consideration, and particularly whether Lord Kelvin's declaration that science positively asserts Creative Power is fairly capable of use.

Mr. Haldane has well defined religion "to be that aspect of the universe in which the relation of man to God appears." If, then, God is a reality, is the Creative Power which Lord Kelvin sees moving in the universe, the aspect of the universe which exhibits the relation of man to the Creative Power is a subject related to or connected with science. It is true that it is an aspect of things as incapable of direct measurement or observation as are mental and moral processes and the processes of organic evolution. But the apparent inapplicability of empiric methods to such processes does not rule them out of the domain of science. Our inability to observe, measure, and collate is not a reflection on the function of science, but on the capacity of scientists. The limits of the starry heavens are not measured by the range of the telescope, the field of the moral law is not defined by the ethics of the lawgiver or the philosopher, and the operations of the mind elude all the theories of psychologists. The failure of science to deal effectively with such things adds new zest to the work, and brings new laborers into the field. In the same way, it might have been expected that science would have played its part in explaining those experiences of the soul which, as Mr. Charles Booth says, "form the basis of every religion," and are psychological facts as worthy of scientific explanation as any other of the phenomena of Nature. Science clearly is definitely connected with religion as defined by Mr. Haldane, for it has presented to us at every turn an order-evolving force which is inconceivable as being other than a creating, and therefore a conscious, force. Science, too, has shown us that this force in every aspect is a moral force, that is to say, a force which exhibits itself in laws that secure the ultimate well-being, the ultimate realization of all the potential qualities, of all things that obey such laws. But this is the God of Revelation by whom the Christian claims to live and move and have his being; the God of whom our fathers have told us and for whom their souls longed. Dr. Liddon in his Bampton Lectures of 1866 finely put the relationship of God to man and the universe:—

In vast inorganic masses God discovers Himself as the supreme, creative, sustaining Force. In the graduated orders of vital power which range throughout the animal and vegetable worlds, God unveils his activity as the Fountain of all life. In man, a creature exercising conscious reflective thought and free self-determining will, God proclaims Himself a free Intelligent Agent. Man indeed may, if he will, reveal much more than this of the glory of God: he may shed forth by the free movement of his will, rays of God's moral glory, of love, of mercy, of purity, of justice. But whether each man will make this higher revelation depends, not upon the necessary constitution of his nature, but upon the free co-operation of his will with the designs of God.

God so self-revealed is as much the God of Science as He is the God of Revelation, and to say that "science proceeds on its path without any contact with religion" is as much as to say that science—as has been too often

the case—proceeds on its path without any real contact with Nature. Darwin was perplexed as to whether the existence of a personal God could be proved from the "so-called laws of Nature," but he was too great and too reverent a thinker to deny the fact. "I cannot see my way clearly," he writes in his humble, noble manner. It remained for the Neo-Darwinists to dogmatize a negation. Yet the facts are against them. A Creative Purpose explains obscure things without darkening the light that science has given us. Not only is there no law of Nature that such an all-pervading, all-sustaining, continuous, directive Purpose infringes, but each law is stamped by such a Purpose; while the faith which finds in revealed Creative Purpose an increase of power to gain the higher things of duty and morality is strengthened by the truth that in relation to such a Purpose the book of Nature corroborates the book of Revelation. Moreover, the hope of immortality and all that it means to this present life is strengthened by the same assurance, for if science grants us the God of our fathers, it cannot long deny us the hope in which our fathers died, and without which our faith and our lives are vain.

A few months since a man blind from birth received his sight at the hands of science in Glasgow. Nineteen centuries ago, we are told, a man blind from birth received his sight at the hands of Christ in Syria. In each case the gift was the same; the eyes of the blind were opened upon a "brave new world" till then but guessed at. Surely likewise in the spiritual sense religion and science have still the same work to do,—to open the blind eyes of men to a world still unrealized, to bring light into darkness and to illuminate the desert places of the soul. Even those who refuse to accept Christ's physical miracle must accept the greater but analogous spiritual miracle that He has performed for the whole race. Science, which has beyond doubt performed the physical miracle, is indubitably also carrying on Christ's greater work. Yet those who would eternally separate religion and science are logically compelled to deny not only the power of Christ to do the work of science, but also the power of science to do the work of Christ. In their works science and pure religion are joined beyond all power of divorce. To deny this is to deny the unity of the universe, and to destroy with a stroke of the pen the complete principle of the conservation of energy.

The Spectator.

THE PRIVATEERS.

1540-80.

King Harry ordained him many a vessel,
  Pinnaces tall and brave,
Meet with pirate or Pope to wrestle
  For the sway of the plunging wave:
They strained at their leash to southward,
  With vigilant eyes and ears,—
They swept full cry 'neath an echoing sky
  On the scent of the privateers.

But now those ships so gallantly builded
Rot in the harbor slime:
Sternpost carven and hatchboard gilded,
They are mantled with rust and grime:
While the ravening wolves of the Channel
Scuttle and burn and slay,
And prowl in hosts on our naked coasts,
Licking their lips for prey.

Out of the havens of France and Flanders
They loose their venomous horde,—
Light-heeled craft with savage commanders,
Reeking of fire and sword:
The merchants of London city
Go pallid and worn with fears,
And the trader flees on the narrow seas
From the clutch of the privateers.

. . . . . .

The Western women they run for the whiting,
They handle the net and sail,
For the men of the West fare forth to fighting,
Hot on the Spaniards' trail:
Sons of the spume and spindrift,
Mariners fierce and free,
Shall they brook one hour that would balk their power
As true-born heirs of the sea?

"Sloop and brigantine, smack and schooner,
Hurl them forth on the foam!
Seize the vermin, or sink them sooner,
Under the cliffs of home!
We will thrust them back from our threshold,
Monsieurs or Dons or Mynheers,—
Letters of marque and a valorous barque
For the Devonshire privateers!"

He that in port for wine or wenches
Tarries to ruffle and revel,
While his kith are chained to the galley-benches,
And his kin at the stakes of Seville,—
May the very devil renounce him,
May the deeps of the Pit deride!—
But there's none will lag when the red-cross flag
Shall beckon him down the tide.

Strangways, Killegrews, Careys, Horseys,
Each with his eager crew,
Aflame for battle,—the stars in their courses

Strike and flame with them too;—
Red Tremayne 'mid his rovers,
At Champernowne's side he steers,—
And "Fie!" saith the Queen,—but with smile unseen
She whistles her privateers.

Daring all desperate hazard and jeopard
To race on a sleuth-hound track,
To swoop as a hawk, or lurk as a leopard,
They waylay, challenge, attack:
Their scouts are swift in the offing,
Unslacking for mists or gales,
Lest a shadowy shape through the night escape
While they strip to their fighting sails.

Shot through and through between wind and water,
They grapple the galliots proud:
In a roaring medley of capture and slaughter,
Their trumpets and drums are loud,—
Till the yellow banner abases,
To the volley of English cheers,—
Till the Don's aboard to render his sword
The prize of the privateers!

. . . . . .

In the crash and thunder of Armageddon,
When the battle is long and late,
When the helmsmen reel and the scuppers redden,
As we clinch with our final fate,—
They shall flash o'er the swirling surges,
New-born from the ancient war,—
Where the smoke-drifts creep, where the searchlights leap,
They shall crowd on their quest once more.

"Your warships drift, and your crews diminish,
Your guns are famished and dumb;
But hither, for this is a fight to the finish,
The sons of our sires, we come:
With all that a man need covet,
Reckless of failures or fears,—
With letters of marque and mariners stark
And the luck of the privateers!"

May Byron.

Blackwood's Magazine.

FIRSTLINESS.

It may well be that the creation of the word that heads this article is an impudence, but it offers the advantage of adaptability; we can fit any meaning to it we please. At present it shall stand for qualities characteristic of beginnings in art. For instance, it shall stand for the purple insincerity of this passage:—

> Red Moselle! fierce is the swell of thy spreading course—but why do thy broad waters blush when they meet the Rhine?

It shall stand for the pathetic attempt to transmute tautology into power in this:—

> There were sobs from among the group, and sounds of grief and mourning. For she was dead. There upon her little bed she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now. She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm . . .

It matters little that "Vivian Grey" is a first novel and that "The Old Curiosity Shop" is not: the hall-mark of firstliness is on both quotations. Not merely in the badness of them do we recognize it; firstliness is not a disease. But we recognize firstliness in the lyric impulse which flogged both writers into articulation. Disraeli's impulse was something like that which makes a man pace a platform while waiting for the train; in the case of Dickens the image may be changed to that of the same man looking about him, a little dazed, after arrival at his destination. The one is fatuously energetic; the other is creditably moved; both have said or exclaimed too much. The resulting fruit in each case properly belongs to literary museums.

Let it be repeated that firstliness is not a disease. A masterpiece may breathe it on every page; howbeit it implies a need for precipitate utterance, and a consequent disregard of form. Vivian Grey is firstliness to the marrow, for he represents Disraeli fondling hmself in the "Empire of the Intellect," and revelling in spangled speech and operatic catastrophes. All the affectation of the novel has been enjoyed by the author so much that one looks at it rather as a *lusus naturæ* than a clever offence against art. Such a novel had to be, thanks to firstliness, so apt at dictating something at once truthful and grotesque.

Turn we now to a modern instance—"The Flame and the Flood." It comes to us in Mr. Fisher Unwin's First Novel Library and deserves sympathetic attention. We have not read many pages before we discover that Miss Langbridge has been fortunate enough to get her matter out of her delighted and alarmed consciousness of early womanhood and all the threat and promise of the future it faces and implores. "I will—*blaze*," says Susette, whose mouth, according to the mood of her lover, is like the Sonata Appassionata or "a slice of bread and strawberry jam bitten into by a schoolboy." Susette was seen by her creator—and we see her. She comes to us out of a fresh imagination. One remembers a prototype—coarser, less drawn—in the gallery of Miss Helen Mathers, but she is no less individual for that than anyone is for having had a grandmother. Her pathos is that of a wild, almost libertine spirit, tied to a feeble and parasitical one. Fiction has perhaps seldom given us the blind man so repellently as he exists in Susette's husband, and we may therefore accept the idea that youth's instinctive hostility to-

wards infirmity and weakness is documented in "The Flame and the Flood." The following passage well illustrates the author's power of transmuting that hostility into realism:—

> She led Maurice into the little dining-room, placed him beside her . . . in a chair . . . She fastened a napkin round his chin, smoothing away the soft indefinite hair that was tied in with it, bent over and asked him if it were too tight . . . She rose and gravely wiped his mouth for him.

It is overdone, for that is the way of firstliness, which is afraid it may not be heard unless it bawls; but the effect aimed at is gained. We do dislike this blind man who fumbles incessantly for love, like a belated drunkard for the keyhole.

And yet (there are always "and yets" with firstliness!) this is not the man to whom we were first introduced. That man was straighter and had a good deal of heroism. The fact is that Miss Langbridge could not forgive him for marrying the heroine, and emasculated him in revenge: hence another illustration of the naïveté of firstliness.

That naïveté demands the substantiation of pet dreams as a matter of course, and nothing is more curious than the union of biased realism with gushing idealism in such a book as this. Consider in this connection the link between music and firstliness. It seems to take a writer of the learning and self-control of a Samuel Butler to make music in value instead of a fault in fiction. Even Turgenev forgot his Slavonic sincerity when a musician was, for the nonce, his hero.

Miss Langbridge is engulfed in absurdity when she opens the piano for her puppets. The notes become as explicit as words; hers is a world where she may reasonably hope to obtain the vocal score of the astral septet. Yet even here her faculty of realism does not wholly desert her. The musician to whom her Irish heroine loses her heart is, as mere man, entirely alive; his child-like selfishness, his perfect self-consciousness which anticipates every criticism to defeat it, are admirably portrayed.

Eulogy, however, is tiresome, except to the praised, and we return to the quality of firstliness. Assuredly it is the precipitate discharge of a personality, and that is why it is seldom the thing called art. To bristle with all one's cleverness like a tame porcupine is a desire which the scepticism of the market encourages and consummates. Miss Langbridge displays an armory of wit and metaphor, some of which is exceedingly good and some tiresome. When we read that a lady's inner consciousness "replied with evasive pettishness that there was no use in nailing upon the door of her natural impulse a numbered programme" we smell a far-off odor of midnight kerosene. On the other hand, the image of the grandfather's clock "gulping down each stroke as a dog gulps meat" is irresistibly droll, and indeed Miss Langbridge's novel has a piquancy of phrase and dialogue which qualify her for frequent quotation.

Firstliness has inveigled her into only one distinct fault beyond what we have mentioned—the fault of a narrative which is at once indeterminate and timid. Is Susette's "common kinship with the Opalescence of the world" reconcileable with a pious acquiescence with a stultifying domesticity? It is moral, but is it truth?

There we leave Miss Langbridge, for we have another phase of firstliness to consider in which she has no part. It is that which does not so much seek self-expression as self-subordination to a popular taste. That way lies imitation, and this is why we should not seek the firstliness of a man of many works in his first work. Still if there

be only one work to seek it in, one must make the best of it. "Nine Points of the Law," by Mr. W. S. Jackson, and recently published by Mr. Lane, is a case to cite. The author imagines that a holidaying clerk discovers a quantity of thieves' loot. He immediately develops a buccaneering spirit and annexes what afterwards becomes an embarrassing and dangerous white elephant. "To be detective, thief, and informer, 'three single gentleman rolled into one,'" is the part he seems called upon to play, and he does his best with it in a volume that is instantly recognizable as made on the Anstey model with the model's fault, namely, that it gets a little too near tragedy to be consistent with one's idea of wholly genial humor. The stamp of individuality is noticeable in the marginal notes, which have occasionally a droll flavor of an ill-regulated library, as thus: "her saponaceous lavement catalambanized the pavement." Mr. Jackson enters with gusto into the feelings of impecuniosity, and his clerk's make-belief shopping is an excellent *jeu d'esprit*.

Yet we would fain have found in his pages more signs of firstliness than are there. Perhaps they will appear in a work less neatly humorous, less obedient to the fictional convention for bringing together inpecunious young men and pretty heiresses.

Firstliness, as found in "The Flame and the Flood," and in novels too famous to be named at present in the same breath, thrills the word-weary critic with a pathos that is nearly a pang. For it is the outcome of a joyous volubility that writes because it must, because the pen is alive and even the blank side of a handbill an inspiration, and because it believes sooner in a drought of ink than a famine of ideas.

The Academy.

THE ETHICS OF PARODY.

How far is the parodist justified? And what are the limits of his legitimate dealings with literature? The question arises before us as we lay down Mr. W. H. Boynton's "The Golfer's Rubáiyat" (Grant Richards). For we are conscious that there are some parodies which have brought with them both amusement and instruction —it has often been pointed out that parody at its best is a valuable form of criticism. There are others that hurt the literary sense like the dentist's touch upon an exposed nerve. This little volume is a parody of FitzGerald. It hurts the literary sense. We ask ourselves why? And the investigation into the cause of our suffering leads to certain conclusions as to the ethics of parody.

Mr. Boynton has taken FitzGerald's rendering of Omar Khayyam stanza by stanza with the remorselessness of an auctioneer's catalogue, and with the alteration of a word here and there has brought the philosophy of Omar down to the golf links. The task, being done, looks easy of accomplishment, and each quatrain, staring from its own page, is the obvious degradation of the corresponding quatrain of FitzGerald. We will quote the twelfth and the thirteenth:—

A Bag of Clubs, a Silvertown or two,
A Flask of Scotch, a Pipe of Shag—
and Thou

Beside me caddying in the Wilderness—
Ah, Wilderness were Paradise enow.

Some for the weekly Handicap; and some
Sight for a greater Championship to come;
Ah, play the Match, and let the Medal go,
Nor heed old Bogey with his wretched Sum.

We will quote no more, but implore the reader straightway to forget these stanzas when they have served their purpose of illustrating what a parody ought not to be. For a parody should certainly be an addition to literature, if it is to be welcomed, not a subtraction from it. If it is designed to spoil our enjoyment of a great work by suggesting undertones of triviality it is an outrage which should be strenuously resented. For our own part we are furiously resentful, since we have to make a fierce effort to forget the travesty before we can return to the original with the usual zest.

What then are the limits of legitimate parody? Shall we not say that the first rule of the game is that no masterpiece shall be turned into verbal triviality? A travesty of the Lord's Prayer or the Sermon on the Mount would offend the most unemotional agnostic. Shakespeare seems to be immune, for no one has ever even tried to travesty his style—he is above style—and the innumerable travesties of "To be or not to be" have left the great monologue serenely uninjured. But for the rest, criticism or suggestion marks the limit; and the warning-bell should ring when the parody passes from the spirit of the author to the letter, when the parodist deliberately takes a masterpiece and degrades it, so that the infernal tinkle of the parody rings in our ears as we strain to listen to the music of the spheres.

Many instances of the legitimate parody occur as the pen runs. The late Bret Harte's "condensed novels" never took a moment of pleasure from the reader of the stories he burlesqued. His was not verbal parody, not of the letter which kills. He took the method and produced it in a straight line till it met absurdity. Nor did anyone find "Lothair" spoiled by the reading of "Lothaw." The same may be said of Sir F. Burnand's "Strapmore," and the man who laughed over the burlesque could go back to "Strathmore" with unimpaired emotion. Calverley, with his acute literary sense and his amazing power of rhyme, was one of the finest parodists who ever wrote. Yet he worked entirely by suggestion—and criticism of the method. Take the "Ode to Tobacco," which is cast in the metre of Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor." There is just one hint of the original:—

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told,
Not to thy credit.

"I was a Viking old." It is a mere allusion that would despoil no one of any enjoyment he could get from the "Skeleton in Armor." And was there ever a better parody of a great poet—and a more innocuous one—than Calverley's "The Cock and the Bull":—

You see this pebble stone? It's a thing
I bought
Of a bit of a chit of a boy i' the mid
o' the day—
I like to dock the smaller parts-o'-speech,
As we curtail the already curtail'd cur.
(You catch the paronomasia, play 'po' words?)
Well, to my muttons. I purchased the concern,
And clapt it i' my poke, having given for same
By way o' chop, swop, barter or exchange——

and so on. But though you recognize

Browning instantly you will find this merely a humorous criticism of Browning—Browning's method produced to absurdity, and no single poem is dragged in the mud of travesty. You return to Browning with a sane consciousness of the spots on your sun. Coming to contemporaries we find Mr. Owen Seaman following the same course in the "Battle of the Bays":—

Washed white from the stain of Astarte
My verse any virgin may buy.

Do we need to quote further to indicate the sensuous swing of Swinburnian verse? Yet the parody is not verbal, it fastens parasitically on no masterpiece; it is critical; it adds to our insight and does not subtract from our literary enjoyment. Here, perhaps, we find the touchstone of legitimate parody. It is easy enough to turn Wagner on the piano organ, to hurl Raphael through a magic lantern, and to take Omar for a round of golf. But by so doing we are depreciating an intellectual security. These are the things that help, console, inspire. Is it worth while to barter them for a laugh at three and sixpence (net)?

The Academy.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

No man of this generation probably knows slum life better, and no man has done more to improve it than Mr. Jacob A. Riis, whose four lectures on "The Peril and the Preservation of the Home", delivered this year in Philadelphia on the William L. Bull foundation, are published by George W. Jacobs & Co. of that city. Graphic, earnest with a compelling earnestness, pungent, forceful, and full of the fruits of personal experience and observation, these lectures, which may easily be read through in an evening, will furnish food for many days' reflection, and should serve as an inspiration to much useful and unselfish activity.

The third volume of the documentary history of "The Philippine Islands, 1493-1803" published by the Arthur H. Clark Company of Cleveland, comprises documents covering the years 1569 to 1576, found in the official archives of Spain, and translated and edited by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Roberts. They are mostly letters and reports from Spanish officials in the islands to the government at home, together with some royal decrees relating to the island administration. They give a more vivid view than would be possible to any but contemporary historians of the struggles which went on in the islands between native and alien savagery, the hardships of the adventurers who upheld the flag of Spain, their harshness and exactions, and the deadly peril in which they were sometimes placed by the machinations of their rivals, the Portuguese. So strong was the spirit of conquest that an attempt was projected for the conquest of the Chinese; and one sanguine advocate of the scheme insisted that sixty Spanish soldiers would be enough to subjugate the Chinese empire. The volume is illustrated with numerous ancient prints and charts, and it is attractively printed on heavy paper and substantially bound.

A BIRD SONG.

A little bird whispered so light and low—
"Cheerily! cheerily! greet the day.
Summer is coming, I know, I know,
Nobody ventures to say me nay!
Hark! hark! my brightest song,
Cheerily! cheerily! all day long!"

A little bird whispered so light and low—
"Look at me! look at me! look and learn:
Winds in the larches may blow and blow,
All that I think of is Love's return!
Hark! hark! the earth is glad,
Cheer up! ah, cheer up! no longer sad."

A little bird whispered so light and low—
"What is it? what is it makes thee mourn?
Pansies and daisies are all aglow,
Poppies will color the rising corn;
Sing! sing! thy brightest song,
Cheerily! cheerily! all day long!"

Frederick G. Bowles.

Pall Mall Magazine.

IRISH MUSIC.

A voice beside the dim enchanted river,
Out of the twilight, where the brooding trees
Hear Shannon's druid waters chant for ever
Tales of dead Kings, and Bards, and Shanachies;
A girl's young voice out of the twilight, singing
Old songs beside the legendary stream,
A girl's clear voice, o'er the wan waters ringing,
Beats with its wild wings at the Gates of Dream.

The flagger-leaves, whereon shy dew-drops glisten,
Are swaying, swaying gently to the sound,
The meadow-sweet and spearmint, as they listen,
Breathe wistfully their wizard balm around;
And there, alone with her lone heart and heaven,
Thrush-like she sings and lets her voice go free,
Her soul, of all its hidden longing shriven,
Soars on wild wings with her wild melody.

Sweet in its plaintive Irish modulations,
Her fresh young voice tuned to old sorrrow seems,
The passionate cry of countless generations
Keenes in her breast as there she sings and dreams.
No more, sad voice; for now the dawn is breaking
Through the long night, through Ireland's night of tears,
New songs wake in the morn of her awaking
From the enchantment of nine hundred years!

John Todhunter.

The Monthly Review.

SONNET.

Far stretching outward—league on league of gray,
Still water—lies the sea. The lone night-bird
Has fled; and, in the dawn's young hours, unstirred
By aught of life, deep silence holds its sway.
In the far eastern sky a faint light streams,
And ever slowly deepens, till, anon,
The darkness and the shadows all have gone;
And, o'er the sleeping world, its rosy beams,
Yet once again, the morning sun doth pour.
Soon the lone creatures of the forest wake,
Birds, with their gladsome song, the silence break,
The seas put on their laughing gleam once more;
And, waking up in wonder, 'neath the spell,
The drowsy flower lifts up its drooping bell.

Mary Christie.

Chambers's Journal.